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ELSIE'S DREAM.

It was New Year's day.

The wish for a "Happy New Year" had been spoken, the first excitement of receiving presents was over, the father had given and taken his good-by kiss and gone out, and Elsie and James were sitting quietly with their mother, examining the books and other little tokens of love which had been bestowed by friends, when something seemed to come suddenly into Elsie's mind.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "I had such a strange dream last night! I must tell you. And I think

I know what made me have it; for did you not say we can almost always trace our dreams to something?"

"I said, Elsie, that after dreaming we can often remember something which may have made such an impression upon our minds, that, in our sleep, it has been still in our thoughts. But let us hear your dream, and what you think of it."

"Well, mother, it seemed to me that it was New-Year's morning, and I was just awaking. As I opened my eyes, a beautiful light filled my room. The curtains were drawn close, and I knew it was

not sunlight. I sat up in bed, and then I saw a sweet face,—nothing more at first,—but as I gazed in wonder, more and more of the form appeared, till I could see it all, right before me, with the brightness about it.

"It was an angel. There was a star on his forehead, and his wings were shining white. He looked so lovingly down upon me that I could not be afraid, though it was all so strange.

"In one hand he held an open roll of paper, and in the other a pen. He held them both out toward me, as if for me to take them, and then he spoke, so softly! and yet I heard every word, and remembered it. This is just what he said: 'Dear child, on this scroll you are to write the record of the next year. The page is now clean and white. Ask the blessed Jesus, your Saviour, to help you fill it with what will please him:' and then, as I reached out my hands to take the paper and the pen, the light and the angel began to fade, and the sweet face went out of sight. That made me sad; but I seemed to fall asleep again, and then I heard Jamie at the door wishing me a Happy New Year. Oh, mamma, if the angels look and speak like that, how beautiful and good they must be!"

Elsie's mother, and Jamie too, had listened with the greatest interest as her dream was told. It was indeed a strange, sweet dream; and it had so deeply moved that mother's heart, that teardrops glistened in her eyes, as she laid her hand upon Elsie's head, and gently asked, "And what did my daughter think made her have such a dream?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, I meant to tell you. When we had our talk last night, you told us about the Great Record that God keeps of all we do and say and think. You said it was just as if an angel should come on the morning of New Year's day, and spread out before every one of us a clean, white sheet of paper, telling us it was one of the leaves of God's record which we were to fill, and that, at the close of the last day of the year, he would come and take it back to God; and then it would be placed with those that had been written before, and safely kept till the day of judgment. I thought a great deal about what you had said to us before I went to sleep; and I believe that is what made me have this dream. Don't you think so, mamma?"

"It is quite likely, my dear. And your dream, unlike most dreams, is one from which you may learn a blessed lesson. Our heavenly Father has spared us all to enter upon a new year. That unseen record is already begun; for God has known every thought and word and deed of ours from the moment when we opened our eyes this morning. Dear Elsie and Jamie, may the merciful Saviour, to whose care your parents daily commit you, help you so to live, that this year's record shall not be one that shall make you dread to meet it hereafter;

for meet it you surely will. Ask him yourselves, every day, to help you. And whatever of sin may have been written against you in the past, ask him to blot it out of the record with his precious blood; for that, and that alone, can do it."

Will Elsie and Jamie, and will you and I, young reader, remember through all this year
THE UNSEEN RECORD?
Victor.

For the Child at Home.

FUGITIVE SLAVES.

Have you heard, my little children
Who sit upon the knee,
That strange and ancient story,
How the Hebrews crossed the sea?

And about the wondrous pillar
That led them on their way, —
A flame of fire at evening,
And a pile of cloud by day?

There were mountains on the left hand,
There were mountains on the right,
There were hungry waves before them,
And their enemies in sight!

The chariots thundered after!
Oh, whither should they flee?
There was weeping and lamenting,
There was murmuring by the sea.

The people cried to Moses,
But Moses called on God;
Then a voice spake from the pillar,
"Stretch o'er the sea thy rod."

"Bid the multitude go forward!"
And then, at God's decree,
Came a fierce wind from the eastward,
And swept across the sea.

The waves of cold, green crystal
Stood up a shining wall;
And the glorious, fiery pillar
Like a red torch lighted all;

Between the piled-up waters
Along the sanded floor,
With flocks and herds of cattle,
Till the multitude went o'er.

The men of Egypt followed,
For the Hebrews were their slaves
And madly rushed the chariots
Between the crystal waves.

But God looked darkly at them,
And their hearts grew sick with dread;
Then back returned the waters
To their old accustomed bed.

A rushing and a roaring,
A cry of sorest need,
And the mighty sea had swallowed
The rider and the steed!

And when the early morning
Grew red the waters o'er,
The Hebrews saw their masters
Washed dead upon the shore.

U. L. S. R.

For the Child at Home.

"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

Little Howard loved this hymn, and used to sing it; but a few short weeks ago he went to be an angel. He wears a crown now, and has

"A harp within his hand."

The hymn is very precious to his mother now, and I will tell you why. Dear Howard had diphtheria, and was very, very sick. One morning they thought he was a little better. He ate a few strawberries, and then said, "Mamma, sit down close to me, and take hold of my hand." His mamma did so. "Please, mamma, sing 'I want to be an angel.'" Mamma sang, and the little sufferer grew quiet as he listened to the sweet words, —

"I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,

For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live."

After she had finished, his mother left him, for a few minutes, to rock his little baby sister. When she went back to the bedside, the tired, hoarse breathing had stopped, the clear eyes were closed, the little hands still and white. Darling Howard was in heaven with his Saviour, an angel, "so glorious and so bright!" He was gone where he

"Never will be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever feel a sorrow,
Nor ever know a fear."

Dear little reader, do you, like Howard, want to be an angel? Are you trying to live to please Jesus, so that, if you should die while you are young, Christ will take you to be with him in heaven?
Fleecy Cloud.



For the Child at Home.

THINK OF IT.

I believe there are at least one hundred and fifty thousand boys and girls who will see this paper who are disposed to be *honest*, and will therefore give honest answers to a few questions. And what a good thing it would be if a few answers from such an army as that should set them all to thinking, in a way which should make every one of them the better for it!

Did you ever sit down at a well-supplied dinner-table at home, and complain because the food did not happen to be of a kind of which you were fond?

Did you ever find fault because the weather was so hot or so cold; because you had to work or to study so hard, or go to bed or get up so early; or because your room or your books or your clothes, or something which kind friends had done or provided for you, was not just to your mind?

Did you ever — and is it quite likely that you may to-day before the sun sets — complain on account of *anything* that seems vexatious and trying, but which, after all, is but a trifle that you ought to meet and get over with a cheerful heart and pleasant face?

It would not be strange if every one of you feels obliged to answer one or more, perhaps all these questions, "Yes."

That is honest.

Now, you know that there are at this moment, in our army and navy, many hundreds of thousands of noble men engaged in the defense of our country. The Government does all it can to make them comfortable; but it can not do every thing,

and more of hardship is the lot of them all. They don't have such a shelter as home gave them. Their food could seem rather hard to you. They are sometimes sick or wounded, and of necessity suffer a great deal then. They are exposed in many ways and are often wet and cold and weary — so wear that, when an opportunity comes for a little rest they are glad to drop down and take it almost anywhere.

Here is picture of one of those young soldiers asleep. I have read about him in a book entitled "A soldier of the Cumberland."

This is what he says of it: "Last night I had a novel bed. My watch was off at 8 P. M. and on at twelve, midnight. It rained a little, but nothing to hurt; and with no fire, and with gun at my side, I lay down on a cannon-wheel with the hub for my pillow. Got fixed tip-top, and slept on and on till the corporal sung out, 'Fall in 3d relief!' I awoke startled. A wheel looks indeed like a poor bed, but that time it was good."

I have read of the hardships of many of our soldiers, and what is the experience of one is very rarely that of all. But we rarely hear one word of complaint from them, and we often hear cheerful words and expressions of willingness to do and suffer for our country.

Can you in a comfortable, happy home, with such examples as these before you, make any more complaints, or fret at little trials? Think about this. A fretful, complaining spirit gives evidence of a heart full of ingratitude to God. Pray about it. Ask God to forgive your sin, and with all your heart ask him to bless and to comfort those brave soldiers who are so uncomplainingly bearing trial and suffering for our dearland.
Victor.

For the Child at Home.

THE LITTLE CATECHIST.

At the dusk of a summer Sabbath a group of children gathered on the lawn. Little Harry, the youngest and most petted, had scattered the petals of a soft blush rose over his head and shoulders. Now he was intently trying to fasten the petty flakes on the end of the green stem, hoping to see again the lovely flower. Fannie shook her little head. "No, darling," she said, "God makes the roses grow on the stems."

A gentleman was lounging on the piazza, an unbeliever in Christ, one to whom God was an unreal Being. This Sunday had been a time of strolling through green fields and resting in shady places, a day of idle building, and weariness. The sound of childish voices roused him from his reverie; unaware of his presence, the brothers and sisters were talking together.

"I'll be the teacher," said Fannie, "and ask you questions, children;" so the matronly child folded her hands, and began her little catechism.

"Who made the world, Bessie?"

This sister, shy and blushing, stammered, —

"God made every thing," with unwavering faith.

"Now, tell me, Johnnie, about Adam and Eve."

In his bold, boyish way, Johnnie described the beautiful garden and the wonderful tree; the sinless gardeners, and the way in which they were driven forth on account of their disobedience.

"I wouldn't have done so," said Johnnie stoutly.

"Every body wicked and sinful?" asked Fannie with a grave face.

"Yes," answered Bessie: "little children are sinful too, and must be saved."

"How can they be saved?"

Little Harry stopped in his play with the rose-leaves to repeat the whisper of his sister.

"Jesus Christ," his rosy lips lisped.

"Will he save everybody?"

Johnnie was ready to reply, "He will save all who repent and believe."

"He died on the cross for us too," continued Fannie. "He was once a little boy like you, Johnnie; but he died for children and grown people. Where is he now, Bessie?"

The little girl looked with reverence into the western sky, bright with masses of gold and crimson clouds.

"That looks like heaven to me," cried Johnnie, "way off there, where it's all clear and golden; it seems near, to-night."

"How can we get there?" said Fannie, drawing back the children's attention from the sky.

"We must be born again," said Bessie.

"And we must love Jesus Christ," continued Fannie. "He loves us, for mother says so. We ought to love him right away: it is easier to begin when we are children."

"I love him," said Harry in his pretty baby way.

"Let us all love him," urged Fannie, "and get ready to go to heaven together."

Just then the mother's voice called her little ones. Fannie and Johny, baby Harry and little Bessie, obeyed the voice which called them to pray their evening prayer before they slept. The listener rested his head on his hand, thoughtful, disturbed, envious. How easily these children received the mystery of godliness! With what faith they spoke of Jesus and his salvation! How he longed to become a little child, and thus enter the kingdom of heaven! In one moment he would throw away learning, honor, riches, if he could receive Christ as one of those of whom it is written, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength, that Thou mightest still the enemy." Agatha.

For the Child at Home.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

One day little Georgie had a playmate, Willy, who troubled him very much. Willy wanted to please himself all the time, and did not regard the little one's wishes in the least. Georgie bore it patiently for a while, but at last he began to return evil for evil. His mamma, seeing this, called her little boy to her side, and said, —

"Are you obeying the 'Golden Rule,' my son? Tell me, what is the rule which Jesus gave us?"

Georgie looked thoughtful, and perplexed; he was only just out of babyhood, but presently he lisped, —

"Georgie's 'most forgot; but thinks it's 'Do to others as they do to you!'"

Mamma did not smile, but explained to her darling that he had made a great mistake about the "Golden Rule."

How many of you, dear children, can tell me what Georgie's mistake was, and whether you ever make the same yourselves? Herbert Newbury.

For the Child at Home.

A NOBLE BOY.

Somebody made disturbance—a buzzing, mischievous, forbidden noise—in a crowded school-room. The teacher listened and watched, and finally fixed upon a particular boy as the offender.

John was called up; and, after some conversation, the teacher commenced chastising him. In an instant another boy sprung to his feet, and walking rapidly to the teacher's desk, exclaimed, "You may give me the rest, if you please, ma'am!"

The teacher paused, and looked at both the boys; she could not bear to strike the manly, truthful lad who stood so nobly before her.

"Charles," said the lady, "is it you who has been making that noise these three days, so slyly you have not been detected?"

"I helped to make it, ma'am; I was worse than John, and I ought to be punished more than he!"

"Oh, Charles," said the lady, "I am so very, very sorry; you knew better than this, and I trusted you! What shall I do, Charles?"

"Whip me, if you please," said the boy.

"And then, Charles—what?"

"I never will do so again as long as you are in this school; you may trust me this time."

"Promise me, Charles, that you will never do so mean a thing to any teacher?"

"I can't promise for anybody else," said Charles; "but for you, Miss C——, I pledge my word I never will."

I am sorry to say that Charles was, by habit, something of a rogue in the school-room; but I am proud to testify that he kept his word, honor bright, to the last day of his attendance in Miss C——'s department. He was truthful in every thing, and, with a beautiful justice, never allowed a comrade to suffer for his fault.

How many boys, who set others on to mischief, would walk as boldly up to disgrace and punishment as he did?

We may expect to hear of Charles again some day, when he has put away his naughtiness, as a noble and honored man. E. L. E.



For the Child at Home.

FATHER, MOTHER, AND BABY.

The street lamps were lighted, and were burning brightly, as I passed along on my way to evening church meeting.

There are strange sights that flit across my vision whenever I go out into the thoroughfares of this great city; and, that evening, it was a man playing upon a hand-organ, and a woman accompanying him with the tamborine; while a dear little baby clung to her neck, and looked at the glare of the store-lights opposite to them.

It was the hour when your mother gathers your baby sister, or brother, closer to her breast, and sings a sweet lullaby; and lays it gently to rest in its snowy bed, praying the blessed God, who loves little children, to keep it safe from all harm through the darkness. What if she, too, had to go out into the night, and thumb a strange music to the careless crowd; while your tender little baby clung to her neck, and felt the chilling dews falling upon its uncovered head!

What if your father, instead of coming to his "sweet home," to meet the pleasant family group, was forced to grind the hand-organ, the livelong evening, in order to get you a scanty loaf to eat!

Will you not, in your happy homes, kneel down and thank your kind Lord, who maketh you to differ from the wretched poor? and will you not,

in your abundant prosperity, remember such as are suffering want, and always be ready to open your heart and your hand to the needy?

God bless and keep the dear little baby that flitted across my sight as I went to seek angels' food in the temple! Let me see it again in Thy eternal kingdom, when the multitude which no man can number are gathered in the presence of the Lamb, to go no more out for ever! Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

ROY.

The rumble of little Roy's wheel-barrow on the gravel walk comes faintly to my ears as I sit by the pleasant parlor-window. All over the lawn the elm and oaks are sending down showers of gold and crimson leaves, and the breeze, sweeping up from the sea, catches them and whirls them up the walk, a perfect maze of bright colors, till I am almost dazzled. Presently the rumble becomes louder, and the little chubby-faced fellow comes running up the walk through a shower of the tinted leaves, shouting to me that he is "grandpa in a snow-storm with an ox-sled" (not very white snow, you'll think), and with a merry nod, and a great noise of "geeing" and "hawing," he disappears around the corner of the house; and, listening, I hear the echo of his voice as he drives his imaginary ox-team out to his papa's big barn.

Perhaps, little readers, you would like to know who Roy is. He is a little nephew of mine, only five years old, up in F——, where I am living. He is a merry little fellow, and busy as a bee all day long; and very often I hear his voice under my chamber-window before I am up, and when the warm, red sun is slowly making his way above the tree-tops.

We have very happy times here—happy when thoughts of the long, dreary war do not force themselves upon us; for Roy's papa is a captain in our army, and sorrowful, anxious days come to us with the news of every battle. Then Roy wears a sad look on his little face, and his step is slow, and I never hear his laugh echoing in the hall until the telegram comes which says papa is safe. Then his hat goes flying up in the air, and he cries, "Mamma! auntie! do you hear? papa is safe!" and the little drum has to be brought down from the nursery, and he beats "rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub-dub!" until we are almost distracted.

But when his excitement is over I hear him thanking God, at his mother's knee, for keeping "dear papa" safe through the storm of bullets and shells; and I know that his little prayer is but the faint echo of the thanks of thousands to Him for the safety of dear ones.

And then Roy and I have such delightful rambles along the shore! Sometimes in the still afternoons, when the sea is blue and glassy, I take my work, and sit under an old cedar that grows near the shore, while he rambles up and down the shore, and brings me basket after basket full of the pink and white and golden shells, and purple moss, and sometimes a strange sea-flower, or a little speckled crab that was so unfortunate as to get left behind when the tide went out. Or, in the cool evenings, when the bright waves ripple on the sand, we wander up and down the shore, listening to the music of the water, and watch for the light-house light to twinkle forth from out the veil of blue mist that always hangs over the lone islands off to the south, in pleasant, Indian-summer weather.

But these are not all our pleasures: oh, no! Sometimes James, the gardener, takes us in the sail-boat over to Greenwich after the letters, and such books and papers as we may want; and when Roy's mamma has not time, I hear him say his letters, and spell short words, and repeat the little hymns which he has learned; and some time, perhaps, I may tell you of our sail off to Duck Island, and how we came near being wrecked. But, as your editor does not like long articles, I must draw to a close.



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WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

YES: what? Can you tell?

I think not; unless you have heard the story which was listened to with so much interest when it was told by the Rev. Mr. Webb, last October, at the Annual Meeting of the American Board at Worcester.

Mr. Webb is a missionary to the heathen. These are East-India children. Their home is in Madura, near to the mission with which Mr. Webb is connected.

In his address before the great assembly gathered at that meeting, he said that the Madura converts and scholars are very much interested in what is going on in America. When they first

heard of the breaking-out of war, they assembled for prayer; and the meeting, instead of lasting three-fourths of an hour, as was intended, was continued for two hours.

Those poor people gave, for them, large gifts also, to assist us in our struggle. Several of the native pastors gave a whole month's wages from their small earnings. Other natives, who were earning only three dollars a month, gave a rupee, which is fifty cents of our money; and, when they had given all they could of money, they began to give their jewelry.

Mr. Webb exhibited a chain which had been given by one of them, and which he had taken at its value of nine rupees, putting the money into

the contribution-box, and bringing with him the chain, which he regarded as a very precious thing.

The little girls in Madura, like the girls in America and everywhere else, value their ornaments very highly; and among them are silver rings which they wear on their toes. These they took off, and gave the missionary to help save the Union. The scene is represented in the picture before you. One little girl brought an ear-ring. She held it a while in her hand; it glistened, and looked so pretty, that quite likely she found it hard to give it up; and wouldn't you have found it so, had you been in her place, little reader? But she went away, and thought; and very soon she came back with the other ear-ring, thus giving all she had and most valued to save the United States of America.

Do you not think this country must be very dear to God, that he should put such thoughts of prayer and sympathy and love for us into the hearts of these people and children of far-off Madura?

Think of it a moment. From the lips of the missionaries—the servants of God who have told those children of the love of Jesus—they have learned that we are in the midst of a terrible struggle for the life of our dear land. First, after hearing the sad story of our trouble, they assemble with their parents and older friends for prayer; and then they give touching proof of the sincerity of their sympathy, by gladly gathering up their few treasures, even to the pretty silver toe-rings, and giving them all to help America! Such friendship as this we surely ought to value.

Will not the knowledge of these facts lead you to be more interested in these heathen children? We are hoping, and believing too, that our country shall ere long be carried safely through her present trial. And let us remember how much more blessed is our lot than that of the heathen, living as we do in the brightest light of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

And let us pray that their hearts, so ready to be touched with the distresses of our country, may be filled with the love of the Saviour, whose precious offers of mercy our devoted missionaries have gone to proclaim to them.

Victor.

THE IVY.

I was passing by an old gray wall the other day, dear children, and I saw at its base a green ivy-vine slowly creeping upwards: already its beautiful leaves covered many an ugly place where the bricks were crumbled by time and weather, and where the cement had cracked and made great crevices, which showed above and by and by somebody will see no more the defects, but a perfect screen of the bright green leaves that have silently crept to the very top of the wall, and are looking over upon the other side.

I say somebody will see all this, that is, if nothing comes to injure or kill the precious plant that can work such a transformation in the aspect of the old gray wall! Of course, the sun and air and rain must help the growth, and rude feet must not trample upon the vine, nor rude hands tear down its tendrils.

I wonder how many of your little hearts would have read the lesson that I read from the green ivy-vine?

I thought of the ugly stains and defects that time has left upon my soul, and I prayed that God's Holy Spirit, whose small growth I could perceive within me, might increase more and more until it should overspread all that is unsightly, and make it acceptable in the eyes of Him who can not behold iniquity.

Then I remembered that sorrow for sin, and works of faith and love and earnest prayer to heaven, will bring down the dew of God's blessing and the sunshine of his countenance; and that, under these influences, the tender plant will grow and spread luxuriantly, and so I have determined to look up to him who is able to help me; and I am sure if I try to do well my part, and not trample upon or pull down the plant, it will be green and flourishing.

All of you may have this beauteous plant if you will, and may nourish and cherish it, or neglect and despise it. I hope none of you will do the latter, for it is a dreadful thing to do despite unto the Holy Spirit!

Fanfan.



For the Child at Home.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

Out in the night, on a hard gray stone,
A poor little beggar girl knelt alone;
And, clasping her hands in the quiet air,
She softly whispered her evening prayer.

"O God, thou knowest I have no home;
But if Thou wilt tell thine angels to come,
And keep their watch o'er me, I'll not fear,
Though I lay me down on the earth so drear.

"In all this world I have no kind face,
No eye to pity, no arm to embrace;
But Jesus can look on me from above,
And I shall not want any other love.

"Many a sin have I done to-day,
And it makes me almost ashamed to pray:
Only I know I must come to Thee
To wash me, and clothe me with purity."

The child gazed into the far-off light,
Where myriads of stars were gleaming bright;
And nearer and nearer the glory came,
Till the earth around her seemed a-flame.

And the faces of father and mother were there,
And visions of angels filled the air,
And the voice of Jesus said to her, "Come!
You are wanted in your eternal home."

The morning sun arose, and shone
On a little form by the hard gray stone;
But the beggar's soul had cleft the skies,
And was happy and free in Paradise.

"Ye have the poor always with you."

For the Child at Home.

"ARTY."

That is what dear little baby Arthur calls himself when we ask him his name.

It is so pleasant to hear him lisp pretty innocent words! He is just old enough to watch intently the lips of those who talk, and to listen to what they say, and to try to imitate.

I suppose many of you have such a little brother or sister in the house, whom you are trying to teach the language that you have already long since learned. I wonder if you ever thought how careful you ought to be not to say any thing naughty, which the little innocent lips may catch up, and repeat, and so gain their first stain! God sends the precious baby to us almost pure and spotless; it has never yet done a wicked thing. You and I, who are older, have much to do with keeping it lovely and innocent; and if we say and do evil in its presence, so that by and by it follows our bad example, we shall have more than we shall want to answer for to a holy and just God.

There are boys and girls who take pleasure in training the baby to make ugly faces, and to say little pert things, because they think it "cunning" in the tiny creature; but they forget that it is easier to learn than to unlearn a fault, and that by and by the evil habit becomes strong, and masters its owner.

I should not want to be the owner of an evil habit, should you? It is not an agreeable possession. God has so many good and perfect gifts which he is ready to bestow if we covet them and ask for them, that it should be our effort to obtain these, and to put far from us the evil.

Will you try to get God's good gifts for the dear little brother or sister? Watch carefully your lips, that they form no words that will pollute the tiny lips beside you. Let the smaller children hear you speak gently to each other, and lovingly and respectfully to papa and mamma—and reverently to your heavenly Father, who is pleased with the praise that issues from the mouths of babes and sucklings. I would not hear a bad word from little "Arty" for any thing in the wide world!

O God, keep the dear babies from all the evil that is upon the earth! Let them grow up good men and good women, with hearts full of thy holy fear and love, and with mouths clean from every wicked word, that so they may be thy children for ever, through him who was a sinless child, thy Son Jesus Christ, our Lord!

F. B. S.

For the Child at Home.

THE TWO SORROWS.

BY FRANCES LEE.

There was once a man who had done a very, very wicked thing; so wicked and dreadful, that, although he lived almost two thousand years ago, people still use his name when they wish to describe a certain crime which everybody considers mean and odious. The man had betrayed and given up to a painful, sorrowful death, one whom he had pretended to love; and this he had done for a handful of money; one can hardly imagine a lower, more inexcusable motive.

But after he had committed this sin he began to be sorry, and he had such terrible sorrow as you and I never felt or saw,—such sorrow that he could not endure it: so he went and hanged himself; and after that he went, we are told, to his own place. A place of unhappiness it must be; and may God in his mercy keep us from ever meeting him there!

At the same time, another man living in the same country and town sinned also against the betrayed One, in telling a lie; not for money, but from fear.

And presently he too began to be exceedingly sorry for his sin; so sorry, that, when he thought

of it, he went out and wept bitterly. He did not go out and hang himself; do you think then he was not as sorry as the other man? Let me tell you what he did afterward. He showed how much he despised and regretted that lie all his life long by never doing any thing like it again, and by being so bold and strong, ever after, for the truth, and in the cause of the murdered One, that he even suffered at last a cruel, shameful death, rather than deny him again. And then it is certain that he also went to his own place,—a place where may God in his mercy bring you and me to meet him at last!

Since the days of Judas the traitor, and of Peter the denier, people still sorrow—children as well as men and women—over their sins; some with the godly sorrow which worketh repentance to salvation, but many, alas! with the sorrow of the world, which worketh death.



LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

One day, two little Sunday scholars, Charlie and Fred Frith, were walking along the road. They soon overtook a woman carrying a large basket of apples. The boys thought the woman looked very pale and tired; so they said, "If you are going to the town, we will help to carry your basket."

"Thank you, my dears," the woman replied; "it is very good of you; but you see I am weak and ill."

Then she told them, as they walked, that she was a widow, and had a lame son to support who had broken his leg while at work on the railway. She lived in a cottage three miles away, and was now going to the market to sell the apples which grew upon the only tree in her little garden. She wanted the money to pay her rent.

"As we are going the same way as you are," said the boys, in a kind manner, "we will help you with the basket;" and they took hold of it on each side, and trudged along with merry hearts.

The poor widow looked glad, and said that she hoped their mother would not be angry with them. "Oh, no!" they replied, "mother has taught us to be kind to everybody, and to be useful in any way we can."

She then offered to give them a few of the ripest apples for their trouble. "No, thank you," said the boys; "we do not wish to be paid for doing what we have done."

When the widow got home, she told her lame son about what had taken place on the road; and they were both made happier that day by the kindness of the two Sunday-school boys.

You say, perhaps, that these were such little things. So they were; but they showed kind hearts and willing hands. You must not wait till you can do great things, but begin with little labors of love. The great oak on the Common came from a small acorn. The spring in the valley, now sparkling and splashing in the sunlight, flows on until it becomes a deep and wide river. So, if we hope to do better things another day, we must attend to humble ones now.

For the Child at Home.

JANET'S SELF-DENIAL.

From a Sunday-school class, a bright face had been missed repeatedly. Miss Graham wondered at

the absence of her most prompt and interested pupil. She did not know where she lived, and contented herself with hoping that she was not ill, and would soon return. Where was Janet on this pleasant Lord's day, when all the children were grouped around their teachers?

In the vicinity of a large factory were rows of small houses, painted, and in good order, but comfortless, without yards or gardens about them, and entirely exposed to the sun. The August air was sultry within the house; the one room which served as kitchen and general resort for the family was almost unendurable. Here the mother was lounging in a dirty dress, not having respect enough for the day to change her working clothes. Two children, with tangled hair, played on the sunny steps. Upstairs, in a room equally stifling, owing to its proximity to the roof, sat the absent Sunday-school scholar. Janet looked fresh and tidy, her faded dress was whole, and her hair nicely brushed. On the white apron she wore lay a question book and Bible neatly covered with brown paper. She opened the books, and began to study the lesson carefully, looking out the references, and reading them aloud. While the other girls were in their places, Janet was not forgetful of the hour. Why did she not join her class?

The lesson finished, Janet read three chapters in the Bible, and then began to sing, very sweetly, the little hymns familiar to all Sunday-school children. Presently, another voice was heard below, and small feet ascended the steep staircase. A younger child entered Janet's room, holding out eagerly to her sister a library book. Janet gladly seized the volume, exclaiming, "Oh Katy, I have not read it; how nice that is, now tell me all about the Sunday-school. Little Katy took off her straw hat, her white cape and Sunday frock of pink gingham, while she was telling the attentive Janet the incidents of her absence. She had walked a mile in the heat. "It was very warm," said Katy, "but I thought of the book you would get, and what the teacher would say, so I did not mind much. I was very tired, sister, and fell asleep in church, and did not hear the text; when I went to the class I was happy, for the lady said, with a smile, 'I'm glad you didn't stop for the warm day, Katy.' Oh Janet," continued the child, "as I was coming out of church a lady asked me if I was Janet's sister, and why she didn't come to Sunday school any more. She isn't a nice teacher," said Katy, growing quite indignant, "or she would look after you."

"Hush, Katy," replied her sister, "I am glad you can go this summer," and Janet folded the white cape, and hung the pink frock behind the door, well pleased that her earnings had furnished the simple suit. She remembered the purchase of the gingham and dimity after a hard week's work, and the great joy of Katy when both were completed in hours stolen from sleep.

The young girl worked in a factory, in a noisy, busy room, where her quick hands excelled all the others in the quantity of work she was able to accomplish. The father had been disabled, and was in the hospital. The mother could only bemoan their ill-luck; the other children were too young to help Janet in the spinning-room. This explained the young girl's absence from her class; the necessities of the family were barely satisfied by Janet's industry; her own wardrobe was completely destitute. Still, she kept a brave heart, never faltering over her toils, for unselfishness brings happiness untold. Sunday was her only day of leisure, and that she did remember to keep holy.

Little Katy gave a long account of the Sunday

school; she had treasured up the teacher's words for her sister. "I was so glad for the penny you gave me, Janet; I put it in the box just like the other children, and felt so rich." Janet thought of the two mites, and hoped her copper penny was given not in vain.

In reading the Sunday-school book and paper, given to Katy for good behavior, the girls forgot the discomforts of their situation. If Janet could not go to church or Sunday school, she could, in her poor home, commune with One greater than the temple.

When the autumn coolness made Katy's pink frock and white cape no longer useful, a friend found the missing scholar, and took away her only reason for staying from the school. Again the bright face appeared in Miss Graham's class, and the teacher's eyes filled with tears when she understood the reason of Janet's absence. To prove her contrition for past negligence, she visited the children's home soon, and fitted Katy with a winter suit.

Now the two sisters were seen regularly in their classes, and Janet remembered no more her former self-denial. "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, she served the Lord."

Agatha.



For the Child at Home.

POOR JIP.

I was much interested in hearing the account by a friend of mine, a good man who loves children, of a little boy whom he saw last summer on one of the canals in the State of New York.

"The little fellow," said he, "was about eight years old, I think,—much too young to be put to such work,—and he was trudging along beside one of the horses that were drawing the canal-boat. I was taking a walk by the canal, and was so near to the boat that I could hear what passed on board. The boy was stretching up his hand, and trying to catch hold of the horse's bridle; but he was so short that it was only after several ineffectual efforts that he succeeded. He had hardly reached it, when I heard from the boat in a man's voice, with the loudest, harshest tone, the words, mingled with terrible oaths, 'Jip! Jip! I tell ye, Jip! take hold of the other side of that horse!'

"Jip let go his hold, ran round to the other side, and finally got his little hand fixed upon the bridle there; but he had gone only a few steps when the same harsh, profane words were again heard, and he changed to the other side. And, as the road I was following in my walk took me farther from the canal, the rough order reached my ears from the

distance, 'Jip! I tell ye, catch hold of the other side!'

"I had not gone very far, when I found I was again in sight of the canal. A bend had brought it across my path. Having become interested in the little horse-leader, I took my place on the bridge which spanned the canal, and watched the boat which was now approaching. There was Jip, hanging on to the bridle, and soon I heard the shout, with the same dreadful oaths and curses, 'Jip! I tell ye, Jip! take hold of the other side of that horse!'

"I watched the child a long time, till the canal-boat went out of sight; and, as I turned away, I thought, 'Poor little Jip! Instead of being here at this work, and with these harsh and wicked words sounding in your ears, you ought to be within the shelter of a good Christian home, and blessed with a faithful mother's love and care. Poor boy! I wonder if you ever heard, or will hear, about Jesus! I wonder if you will ever find the way to that beautiful home, where harsh words are never heard, and where such as you are never treated unkindly!'

How many little boys and girls there are in the world, just like poor Jip! And how different their lot would be if everybody about them loved Jesus! It is quite likely that Jip is still suffering from the same unkind and harsh treatment. Would you not like to pray for him, and for others like him?

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

LOOK AT IT.

I was walking homewards one afternoon, just as the village school had closed. I heard my little friend, Jamie Williams, speaking angry words to Harry Reynolds. I saw Jamie lay down his slate and books on the grass, and rush toward Harry with a very red face, and his hand raised,—I knew what for.

"Stop, Jamie!" I cried out; "what are you going to do? You must let me hold your hand a minute. Now I have it," I said smiling; "and I want you to look at it. I want you to tell me whether you suppose God made it for you to strike your companions when you get angry with them?" Jamie pulled uneasily, and said, "Well, any way, Harry is real mean; and he'd ought to have a regular hard rap."

But I held fast the little fat dirty hand. After a time, Jamie became quiet, and the angry red faded from his cheeks. Harry came slowly along toward us, swinging his books, and casting triumphant glances at his captive enemy. "Come here, Harry," I said; "I want you too."

"Boys, did you ever think how God has made your hands? He has placed in each hand some twenty or thirty bones, and bound them together by joints and bands in such a way that they can be used for an amazing variety of purposes. Could you see the action of the machinery in your hand, you would think it superb. Then God has made delicate passage-ways for the bright red blood to run to your very fingers' ends, to give your hands life and warmth. But there is something else here too. If I should take this pin and prick you, straightway a shock is sent all through your hand and arm. What telegraph wire is that which sends this alarming message all over you? Your hand is full of nerves, which connect with other nerves running through your whole body. Mr. Morse could not invent such a telegraph as this. These inside wonders are covered over with two layers of skin; and in the palm of your hand, where the nerves



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STORMING THE FORT.

"COME and see us storm the snow fort, please, Mr. Thacher," said one of the boys, the spokesman for his comrades, as the school was dismissed.

Mr. Thacher was one of those teachers, always popular with pupils, who believe there is a time for play as well as a time for study. He taught in the Sabbath school with as much success as in the week-day school, and in both was a favorite with his scholars. He believed in putting religion where it belongs. — "mixing it up," as he said, "with every thing in the right proportions."

"Yes: I'll look on," replied Mr. Thacher with a smile. "But first let me give your fort a name. We'll call it FORT SELF."

The boys thought it odd, but were satisfied; and Mr. Thacher stood in the doorway of the schoolhouse to watch them while they made their arrangements. "Keep your tempers," was his last admonition.

"Now, boys, all ready!" shouted Lewis Wade, the captain of the assailing party. Another company of the boys, commanded by Captain George Lane, were the garrison. "Pick up your ammunition. Every one got ten balls? All right, then. You see that fort. It must be ours. Charge!" And with a hurrah they hurled a score of snowballs into the fort, and rushed toward it. All was still within the works. Not a head or hand of the garrison was seen, till the charging-party were

about to leap upon the fort. But the besieged had a brave and shrewd commander; and at this moment they rose with a loud cheer, and sent such a cloud of balls upon the assailants, that, determined though they were, they at first faltered, and then, as the fire was kept up vigorously from the fort, fell back to the shelter of a stone wall.

"Boys," said the captain, "this won't do. It's bad business. But we've brought off about half our ammunition, and nobody's killed or wounded; though it's a fact they pounded us well. Now we must charge again. Don't waste a single shot. Don't throw a ball till we are on the fort; and then hurl them in with a will. Come on, now! Follow me!" And away they went toward the fort. The garrison were out of sight as before: but, as the storming-party leaped upon the breastworks, they were greeted by a shower of balls, thicker, if possible, than before; and at the same time the defenders of the fort rushed up the embankment from the inside, and threw themselves, as the papers would say in reporting a bloody battle, "with overwhelming force upon the foe," obliging them once more to retreat.

"How's this?" said Captain Wade as his boys gathered about him. "Can't we take that fort?"

"Yes!" "Yes!" cried half a dozen voices.

"We *can* and we *will*," said the captain. "Make up another lot of ammunition, — ten balls more to each man. Never mind the smart of the shots they gave us. They're brave fellows in the fort; but they've got to give it up, and so much the more honor when we take it." And though some of his party had burning faces and tingling ears from the strokes of the balls, nothing daunted they went to work, and soon were ready for the third trial. "Now, boys, we'll try them on the other side. May be they won't expect us there. Don't give it up this time. The third time mustn't fail. Don't cheer till we take the fort. Come on!"

Another rush, and they reached the fort. They leaped up the embankment; and this time, bearing valiantly down upon the garrison, and pouring the balls upon them, they drove them out at the rear of the fort, taking two or three prisoners. And so "the day was won."

But the best of it was, that the victors neither forgot the bravery of the garrison, nor that it was only a "play fight," and that they were all comrades. "Come back, George," called Lewis: "you've done well. Now let's have three cheers all together." And the two parties of boys good-naturedly joined again, and, at the word from Lewis, gave three rousing cheers for "the old flag." Then they moved in a body to the schoolhouse, to hear "what Mr. Thacher had to say about it."

"Boys," said Mr. Thacher, "your battle was well fought on both sides. And the close of it is as good as the beginning; for you have not allowed yourselves to get angry, and I am very glad of that. Now,

what is the name of your fort?" The boys had almost forgotten at the moment; but little Barney Withers whispered, "Self;" and then they all shouted, "Fort Self."

"Now," continued Mr. Thacher, "let the determined resistance of the brave garrison of Fort Self remind you how hard *self* will always fight for the mastery; and let the persevering and at last successful struggle of the storming-party teach you, that, if you keep up the conflict with self, it will finally be conquered. *He is a happy boy who conquers self.* Only one Friend can enable you to do it. I have much to say about it, but not now. Your snow fort and your battle for it may teach you such a lesson, if you will have it so, as shall make you happier and better for ever. You understand me. Don't forget. Good-by, boys, till tomorrow."

Victor.



THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong bell;
Trot on, Jacky, brisk and well:
We must take our tea to-night
At grandma's hearth-stone warm and bright.
Jingle, jingle, ding, dong, dong;
Cheer the way with merry song!

Kind old pony moving fleet,
Snowballs flying from his feet;
As, o'er sparkling snow he goes,
Jack Frost bites our ears and nose.
Jingle, jingle, ding, dong, ding;
Bells make music while we sing!

Mount the hill; we're here at last;
There's the gate; don't drive him past:
Grandma's waiting at the door,
Clasps us in her arms once more.
Jingle, jingle, free from harm.
We are at the dear old farm!

For the Child at Home.

"I THINK IT WAS JESUS."

The minister sat upon the sofa, with curly-headed Willie on his lap. He was one of those gentle, loving men,—so like the Master that whenever he was with little children he could not help taking them up in his arms; and the children, feeling the unfeigned tenderness that dwelt in his bosom and gushed out toward them, gave back love for love, and clung to him as to their best friend. He was telling Willie of a visit that he had been making to an Orphan Asylum.

"I saw there many little motherless and fatherless ones," said he, as the child earnestly listened. "Some were as large as you, and some larger; and some were tiny babies. Some were reading their picture-books, some were playing with toys, and some of the little ones were asleep in their cribs. And one dear little girl was sitting in her low rocking-chair, and trying to get something that was upon the floor behind her: but she could not get up; she was a cripple; something was the matter with her limbs; and there she must sit all the days of her life, except when she is lying upon her bed, poor little thing!"

"I went softly, and peeped behind her chair, and there lay her dolly. 'I know what you are

looking for,' said I: and I picked up the doll, and put it on her lap; and she folded her arms around it, as your mother folds hers about you, and was so happy!"

"Then I told the boys and girls a story about a little child that came into this world hundreds of years ago; and, when he grew up to be a man, he went about doing good, and blessing everybody, particularly the little children; and that, since that time, people had been a great deal kinder to the sick and the poor and the distressed, and had built nice houses for the dear little folks who have no other home."

"I wonder," said the minister, "if you could tell me who that little child was, whose coming into the world made men's hearts softer towards all who are in need."

Little Willie put one arm close about the minister's neck, and, with a grave look in his sweet blue eyes, said, "I think it was Jesus."

"Ah!" said grandmamma, "I am so glad Willie knew! I was afraid he would not be able to tell."

"But I *think*," said Willie: "when anybody is saying any thing to me, I *think*."

Dear little boys and girls for whom I am so often writing, are you, like little Willie, attentive and thoughtful whenever anybody is saying any thing for your profit? and whatever of blessing comes to you, do you remember that it is through that same Jesus, who puts all good thoughts into the hearts of men?

anfan.

For the Child at Home.

LUCY'S UNBELIEF.

BY UNA LOCKE.

I once knew a little girl whom I will call Lucy. She was a very thoughtful and conscientious child, and wished very much, even when she was little more than an infant, to belong to Christ, and to know herself to be one of his little ones. But she could not understand what the minister meant when he said, "You must come to Jesus. You must give yourself away to him." She could not understand what the Bible meant when it said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." She did believe that he came into the world to save sinners; and that he died, the just for the unjust: but she thought, and very rightly too, that just this belief would not save her.

One day she was particularly unhappy. It was a very lovely day, and the world looked beautiful. The birds sang in the thick green maples, and the red roses were blossoming about the door of her grandmother's house, where she was visiting; the quaint-looking poplar by the well just stirred with a pleasant murmur; her favorite pet, the black cat, sat, and washed her face in the sun; her cousins played with merry laughter about the yard: but Lucy could enjoy nothing of all this.

She was very uneasy and sad because her soul was not renewed, and she did not feel at peace in the arms of Jesus. So she took an old volume of the Watts's Psalms and Hymns, and stole away by herself to a lonesome, dimly lighted stairway; and here she sat and read:—

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

And, coming to the last verse, she read, and repeated earnestly, with tears,—

"Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do!"

But she felt no better for this. She did not feel any more as though she belonged to Christ, and had been forgiven for her sins, than before. I will tell you what I think was the trouble. She did not believe Christ's word. Now, he says, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

She went to Christ; but she refused to believe that he received her. She ought to have believed

that Christ was more ready to accept her, and give her the renewing of his Spirit, than even her dear father was to rise up from his sleep, and draw for her cool water from the well, as he had done many a night. She ought, believing this, to have commenced trying to please Christ in all the little affairs of her daily life, joyfully looking to him for help.

Many years afterward she did this, and she found the Lord Jesus ready to do his part. Just in proportion as she really believed his promises to her, she had comfort and help. He is strong, and he is willing to take all our burdens, whether they be little or great; but he has made it a condition that we believe this, and come to him expecting it.

For the Child at Home.

SAFE IN HIS ARMS.

On a fine, cold winter morning, as I was going to the depot to take the cars in the pleasant town of M——, two runaway horses, without saddle or bridle, came galloping down the street. They had escaped from a neighboring stable; and, as they had probably made their breakfast of nice oats and hay, they felt very sprightly, and were evidently determined to go off and have a caper without waiting for a driver.

As the horses turned a corner, I looked at them with pleasure, enjoying their overflow of animation, for the glorious morning air made me feel very much as they did: but at that moment I saw, directly in their path, a little girl coming along in the middle of the street, on her way to school. She looked at the horses, and then, in the greatest fear, turned, and ran the other way. Had she gone to the sidewalk, the horses would have passed her; but the dear little thing, all confused and in terror, could not stop to think.

A man was coming up the street toward her; but she did not notice him. After running a moment, she turned her head, and saw that the horses were almost upon her. One quick, sharp cry of fear, and the next moment she had run directly into the arms of the man whom she had not before seen. The horses passed by, on a furious gallop; and she was safe,—safe in his arms. Oh, how relieved the dear child looked! and how happy was that man who had risked his own life to save hers!

Dear young readers, our Saviour gave his life for us; and I hope, that, in every trouble and in every joy, you will run to Jesus, the Lamb of God, believing that his arms are open for all who feel their need of a friend; and in his arms you are safe.

Alice.



For the Child at Home.

WILLIE'S CARRIAGE.

The little fellow had been carried in arms from his birth; but he had grown plump and heavy, and mamma cast about her to see what relief she could find. "It would be so nice to have a carriage!" said she; "but then it costs so much, and we can not spare the money."

Grandmamma heard her, and, always fertile in

invention, she set her wits to work with fine success.

She got a large cheese-box, and had it painted green, and castors put upon it, and a rope inserted in the front for reins; and, with brother Charlie for a pony, it made a very nice equipage indeed. You would have thought so, if you had seen the happy baby seated upon a cushion, holding the lines in his chubby hands, and calling in his lisping way, "Up, up!" to his two-legged horse.

It is not what is outside of us, dear children, that makes us contented and happy. I have seen boys and girls with fine rocking-horses and velocipedes, and real live ponies, and beautiful carriages, yet miserable and peevish, and ungrateful to their kind friends, and to their Father in heaven who sends us every gift to enjoy. And I have seen dear little children with only a few bits of old china, or two or three wooden blocks to play with, and a broom-stick for a steed, and a broken chair for a wagon, yet as joyous and glad as if a wealth of beautiful things were theirs.

There can be no more beautiful thing than contentment. It keeps a glowing, perpetual sunlight in the poorest hovel. The mean furniture looks almost golden in the brightness; and no envy of others' goods creeps into the heart of him who has this beautiful grace.

Have you and I this sweet spirit of contentment, dear children, that makes every other possession golden to us? If not, let us go and ask our Father to give it to us, as one of his most precious blessings. S.

For the Child at Home.

MRS. CADY'S THANKSGIVING

Sunny-hearted Lucy Cady was half inclined for once to let the clouds shut out the brightness. All her plans for a happy Thanksgiving were, as she thought, well-nigh frustrated, when, a few days previous, her husband told her that his business, that of a railroad official, would absolutely require his absence from home all day, though he hoped to be with his dear ones in the evening.

"It is too bad," he said; "but it can not be helped:" and for once Lucy Cady and her little ones must eat dinner without "papa." The soft eyes of the little woman filled with tears; for never before since James Cady had called her "wife" had they been parted on this good old annual festival; and it seemed just the least bit hard to bear. But a happy thought soon drove the tears away; and she laughingly declared, that she wouldn't eat dinner alone: she would call in the lame and the halt and the blind.

"Where will you find them? I don't know any such folks," queried little Gracie.

"Oh! we'll find them, darling;" and then, as the child still looked puzzled, she added, "Mamma don't exactly mean blind and lame people, but those who are too poor to get a dinner for themselves."

"Yes, mamma; I know what you mean; and I know some poor folks too," said sweet little Ruth.

"Who, my dear?"

"Why, there's little Bertie Roberts, whose father was killed in battle: he told me the other day, that they couldn't have any Thanksgiving at their house, his mother is so poor this year."

"They're just the ones for you, little wife," said James Cady, as he left the house. "If anybody deserves help, that brave young widow does."

And so it happened that Lucy Cady and her gray pony made an early call at the home of the Roberts's on Thanksgiving morning; but, early as it was, they were all ready for a ride; and, snugly wrapped up in shawls and buffalo-robos, they soon

reached the pleasant home where little Ruth and Gracie had been so proudly "keeping house" while mamma was gone.

And such a gladsome day as they passed, the two little Cadys and their four guests! And no less happy, though in a different way, were the two mothers, although the tears would fall, when, as they were seated for an after-dinner chat, Mary Roberts told her gentle listener how hard she had struggled to guard and care for her precious little ones since her noble husband fell on the bloody field of Gettysburg, and how God had blessed her efforts, and people had been so very kind to her; and, though the way had sometimes looked dark, God's hand had ever led her on safely, and her trust in him was sure. She missed the light and warmth of her husband's love; but he died, as so many others have died, for freedom; and, though she mourned his loss, she was proud that he did his duty, and hoped her boys might grow up to be as true to God and country as their dead father had been. The day was all too short; and for once Old Grey went too fast, as he bore the dead soldier's loved ones to their humble home; and may we not believe that in heaven he rejoiced in their gladness? And as for Mrs. Cady and her little girls, I heard her say yesterday that she never passed a happier Thanksgiving in her whole life.

A. M. L.



For the Child at Home.

"DOT MEAD."

A little dog with curly hair,
Sat still beneath his master's chair,
Nor barked nor snapped at any one,
As sometimes little dogs have done;

But seemed to know and keep his place
Better than little Susie Grace,
Who, heeding not her mother's word
That children should be seen, not heard,

Jumped from her lowly, modest seat,
The cricket at her father's feet,
And ran about, and made such noise,
You scarce could hear another voice.

There was invited company;
A goodly number came to tea;
And every well-taught child must know
That Susie should not have done so.

And every well-taught child will see
How very just the end must be,
When mother called the maid, and said,
"You may take Susie Grace to bed."

And little, quiet, humble "Dot,"
You may be sure, was not forgot;
But all the people gave him praise
For his respectful, proper ways.

Dear little boys and girls who read
This simple tribute to "Dot Mead,"
Shall it not teach both you and me
A lesson of humility?

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

DOWN BY THE RIVER.

The water went winding along the foot of a high mountain, and it made a sort of tune as it went,—to my ears a joyous tune, telling the praise of Him who gave it its channel, and sent it gliding among the hills and through the midst of green herbage.

Lizzie and I put on our bonnets, and strolled down over the stones that formed part of its bed, but were now left bare and dry, because there had been little rain for weeks.

We fixed our eyes on a place where the stream ran swiftest; and, when we had reached it, there we seated ourselves to listen to the music, and to feel the cool spray, and to watch the birds dipping their wings in the water as they flew back and forth.

I don't know what Lizzie thought of; but my mind was upon the river of death, to which you and I, dear little children, are drawing nearer every day; and I wondered, if, when we come to the very brink, so that we feel the chill from its waters, we shall have such sweet peace as I had beside the mountain stream.

If I had been long separated from a kind and loving father, and had looked across and seen his face beaming upon me from the other side, and his arms outstretched to receive me, and had heard his voice, calling, "Come, my child; be not afraid; I will meet you, and be with you in the waters:"

do you think I would have hesitated to go to him, though the way seemed deep and dangerous? No.

And so, when we see the face of our Father in heaven across the river of death, and hear his cheering voice saying unto us, "Come; fear not; I am with you; the waters shall not overwhelm you,"—how gladly shall we put our feet into the waves, and hasten onward to the other shore!

Our Father's face is very glorious, even when we see it dimly, afar off; but it will be brighter and brighter to our vision as we get nearer the brink of the river, if we do but yearn for it, and press forward gladly to meet it. B. S.

For the Child at Home.

MY GOOD COLORED FRIEND.

My little friends, have any of you a colored man in your houses, who cleans your boots, and makes your fires, and takes care of your horses, and goes of errands, and does any thing and every thing you want done?

Perhaps you have not; but you may have a James or a John or a Katy or Betsy or Sally or Mary or Jane; and you may love them as well, and find them just as kind, as "Tom," that I am writing about.

If you do not love them, and want to see them happy, you feel very different from what I did towards my good colored friend; for it grieved me to see him troubled; and when my mother scolded him, as she sometimes felt obliged to, I would cry almost as soon as if she had punished me. And why shouldn't I? He came to live with my father and mother when he was only eight years old; and, when I was a little baby, he was grown up, and used to take me in his arms, and carry me about; and Tom never seemed to get tired as soon as other people did.

He would tell the most stories, drag me on the sled, and swing me the longest, and he could make the best griddle-cakes and brown bread, catch the best fish, dig the best clams, and pick the best berries, of anybody that I knew; and he was always ready just when any one wanted him. It isn't any wonder that I liked him, is it? No, it is not; and there are a great many people just like him in the



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"LOOK OUT FOR THE LION!"

"Now we will talk a little about the lion," said Mr. Grant, as his children, George and Lizzie, took seats near him after tea one Sabbath evening to pass the hour together which they so much enjoyed.

"I've seen one," said George.

"So have I," said his sister.

"Where was it?"

"Why, you know, father. You took Lizzie and me to see the menagerie that stopped at Hillsdale a year ago last summer. There were lions — one very large one — and tigers and leopards, a wildcat, a zebra, and lots of monkeys. How I would like to go again!"

"And the birds too, father!" added Lizzie; "and that great bear!"

"Yes, I know; and I'm glad you enjoyed the visit so much. Do you remember just how the lion looked?"

"Oh, yes! you mean the *big* lion. He didn't seem to care any thing about anybody; and he acted as if he felt able to walk right out of his cage whenever he had a mind to. His eyes looked so sober and so hard at me, that I almost felt afraid, though I told Lizzie not to be frightened."

"And don't you remember that little girl, George?" asked Lizzie.

"Oh! you mean the one by the cage? Yes: there was a rope in front of the cages, to keep people from

going too near; but a little girl got under the rope when her father and mother were not looking at her, and walked close up to the bars of the lion's cage. The lion's eyes grew bright, and he began to watch her; when the keeper saw what was going on, and shouted, 'Catch back that child! Quick! or the lion will have hold of her!' How it made Lizzie and me jump! How the little girl's father jumped too, and caught her up! 'Look out for the lion, after this,' said the keeper: 'he's always watching for such a chance as you gave him then.' The girl's mother looked as if she was ready to faint."

"That's a good story, George. The keeper told the truth. But you felt a great deal safer walking along there, and looking at that lion with strong iron bars between him and you, than you would feel if you were out in the woods or fields, and should meet him roaming about, hungry and fierce and free. Now, I want you and Lizzie both to take your Bibles, and find 1 Pet. v. 8; and Lizzie may read the verse."

They soon found the place; and Lizzie read: "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

"Lizzie, who is it that is compared to 'a roaring lion'?"

"The devil."

"What else is he called?"

"An adversary."

"What are we told to do, George?"

"To be sober and vigilant."

"What is it to be vigilant?"

"Is it to be watchful and careful, father?"

"That is it, exactly, — to *watch*. The child of whom you told, if she was old enough to know her danger, was not watchful. If she had gone a little nearer the cage, and stopped a little longer, what would have happened, Lizzie?"

"Oh, father, don't! I can't bear to think of it. It would have been dreadful."

"Well, you both know that the keeper's warning meant something. And here, in this verse that you have read, a warning which means something is given to us all. As a roaring lion, the devil, our cunning, cruel adversary, walks about, 'seeking whom he may devour.' We are to watch always and everywhere. Children need to be watchful as well as older people. This warning is a very solemn one. It is your *souls* that the devil seeks to destroy. Every temptation to a wicked thought or word, or act should remind you that he is near. *Look out for the lion!* In another place in the Bible, we are told to watch and pray. Remember that, dear children. This cruel enemy, so fierce and strong, and so full of hatred, can have no power over you, if you are careful, while you watch, to ask our dear Saviour to keep you safe.

"See this picture. How softly the lion is creep-

ing toward his prey, — that beautiful gazelle! Poor thing! Neither he nor his mate is watching; and soon they will hear the lion roar, and one of them will feel the terrible teeth and claws!

"How kind it is in the good God to give us such a warning of our adversary, comparing him to a roaring lion! and how it ought to put us on our guard against that great enemy! Remember, George and Lizzie. Be watchful; and, while you watch, PRAY."

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

GOLD BEADS FOR SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

"What does Mrs. W. need most?" inquired a lady, meeting a friend in the streets of Boston lately. A quick flash of delight overspread the face of the other at this question; and well she might be glad.

She was a teacher of the Indians, home on a visit; and her heart is ever open to their needs, and her feelings ever tender and watchful towards her fellow-laborers on the "reservation." It so happened, that, but a day or two before, she had received a letter from the faithful missionary just mentioned, saying, "I must have shoes and stockings for the cold winter which is before us. With our reduced salary, I hardly know how to afford them; but they are indispensable: and you may get them, and bring them when you come."

It was very joyfully, therefore, and very decidedly, that, when this question fell upon the ear of the teacher, she responded, "Shoes and stockings."

"Well," rejoined the questioner, "I have a string of gold beads at home. They are doing no one any good; and you may have them, and use the proceeds in getting her what she needs."

The beads were transferred from the place where they had lain useless for years to the hands of the teacher. They were especially valuable in these days, when the precious metal commands so high a premium; and their sale yielded quite a little sum. The story of how the money came reduced the price of lace-boots wonderfully; and three pairs were procured, with money enough left to purchase yarn for four pairs of stockings. Then the questions came, "How shall they be knit?" "How can Mrs. W., with all her mission and family cares, find time to knit these stockings?"

Kind hands volunteered to do it, and busy fingers plied the shining needles. They were done; and, when the mission-teacher once more set her face westward, no small part in the cup of happiness filled by the benevolence of friends at home was made up of the offering of the gold beads.

Useless they once were; but now they have done a good work, their intrinsic value doubled by the benevolence of others, excited, doubtless, by that of their donor. The missionary, as she goes on her long, weary walks to the chapel, the Sabbath school, or among her Indian flock, blesses the thoughtful hand that gave and the kind heart that prompted the gift. To those, and they are many, who have laid by some such unused, unnecessary valuable, which might, like this string of beads, gladden the heart of some missionary, or do good in some other channel; to such I would say, "Go thou and do likewise."

F. W. H.

For the Child at Home.

THE NEW COIN.

It is a two-cent piece, dear children, lately minted; and it is very beautiful to me for one thing.

Have you one? If you have, take it up, and look at it closely. What do you see? On one side, a wreath formed of wheat, from which we get our bread, — the staff of our physical life. Outside the wreath is stamped "United States of America," and within it "two cents." Isn't it pretty?

But turn it over. Now what? A shield with arrows, and in a ribbon above the motto, "In God

we trust." That is what makes the value of the coin to me.

It points to Him who is our spiritual life and strength, and without whom all the wealth of this world is as nothing. Money is a good thing in its place; and it will purchase for us, and for those whom we love, many comforts and luxuries: but when we make it the chief thought of our life, and the sole object of our efforts, it becomes our idol; we trust in it, instead of in God, who has said, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Dear little children, let this new coin of 1864 help you to turn away your thoughts from the perishable wealth of this world to the true and enduring riches.

Trust in God, however much you may be tempted to put your trust in your earthly possessions. Let the motto on this new coin be as a living monitor unto you whenever you go to spend the money that is intrusted to your stewardship.

If you lay out every penny for selfish purposes, and drop none into the hand of the poor and needy or into the missionary-box, you will not be giving heed to the beautiful motto, "Trust in God."

Fanfan.



For the Child at Home.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY

Phillis Wheatley was a slave in Boston. Some of our young readers may be surprised at this; but they have not known, perhaps, that once slavery was allowed in Massachusetts; and Phillis was brought to this country from Africa in the year 1761, before slavery was abolished in that State. She was then between seven and eight years old. She was bought by Mrs. John Wheatley, a Boston lady, who chose her from a crowd of robust negroes, although she looked feeble and slender, because of her modest appearance and pleasant face; this lady wishing to train a servant to wait upon her in her old age.

Phillis early showed great eagerness for learning, and was often found trying to make letters upon the wall with a piece of chalk or charcoal. This led a daughter of Mrs. Wheatley to teach her to read; and so rapid was her progress, that in sixteen months she could read the most difficult parts of the Bible. She soon learned to write also; and, in four years from the time of her being stolen from Africa, this negro girl wrote interesting letters on various subjects.

She was treated by her mistress more as a child than a slave, and not only allowed, but encouraged, to study. Many persons of learning took great interest in her, and helped her. At the age of sixteen, she became a member of the Old South Church in Boston; and she seems to have been a faithful and humble Christian.

Phillis was very fond of reading and writing poetry. At one time, Gen. Washington, having received some lines from her, replied by a letter, in which he says, "I thank you most sincerely for your

polite notice of me in the elegant lines you enclosed," and tells her he would be happy to see her should she ever come to Cambridge, where his "headquarters" then were.

At the age of nineteen, her health was so poor that her physicians advised a sea-voyage. In company with a member of the Wheatley family, she visited England, and was well received by many distinguished persons. While there, her poems were published in a volume. She returned to America, where she died in her twenty-sixth year.

The life of Phillis Wheatley gives most interesting proof of the power of talents and virtues, crowned with "the pearl of great price," — the love of Christ, — to raise one from the lowest position to the notice and the esteem of the wise and good.

For the Child at Home.

WHICH SPIRIT DO YOU LIKE BEST?

You shall tell me by and by, dear children, after you have read this story.

It is about two little boys whom I know and love; yes, love, — both of them; although you may see a very ugly feature in one of them before you have finished the story.

Beautiful boys they are, — Henry robust, dark, and ruddy, with enough energy in his healthy frame to set every thing with which he comes in contact in a whirl; Elliot light, fair, fragile, and gentle, — so much like a girl, that his brother does not feel the need of a sister, but pets and cherishes Elliot, and protects him with his chubby fists, as you would your little Mary and Ellen. Not that Elliot is a "baby" or a "coward," as boys use these terms; but then he is a great deal younger than Henry, and has naturally a delicate constitution.

One day, they were at play with a group of young companions; and, by some good fortune or other, a large, red-cheeked apple came into Henry's possession. It was so big, that he could scarcely stuff it into his pocket; but, by dint of hard pushing, he finally succeeded.

"Give us a piece, give us a piece!" cried the boys, hoping he would divide, and devour it upon the spot.

"Not now, not now," said Henry: "let us keep on with the game."

Of course, the boys soon forgot about the apple; but it was upon Henry's mind all the time; and, when he could get a sly chance, he slipped away home to enjoy it alone.

He and Elliot were in the dining-room together; and the little boy watched his brother as he quietly pared the great red "Baldwin."

"How good it will taste!" thought Elliot, his mouth watering in anticipation of the juicy fruit, half of which his own generous heart told him was a brother's right.

Henry threw the paring out of the window, and saw the turkey gobbler pick it up; and then he deliberately sat down and ate the apple, without offering a morsel to Elliot, who stood by, looking at him with wistful eyes. He had a singularly sensitive spirit, and would not have asked for a piece for the world; but it wounded him to think that Henry did not offer it; and he went sorrowfully out of the room, and crept up to his mother, and put his head upon her lap. But he did not say, "Mother, Henry is a great pig: he ate a big apple all up himself, without giving me a bit." That is what most of us would have said.

His mother ran her fingers through his golden hair, and bowed her face down to his dear forehead, and showered such loving kisses upon it, that he quite forgot his disappointment, and was as happy as need be.

Then she drew from her pocket a book with pretty verses, such as children like to hear; and for a half-hour she read, and sang to him beautiful hymns.

As she was putting the book back again, she felt a little hard lump in the very bottom of the pocket; and, behold! it was a gum-drop coated with sugar.

"That's for my little Elliot," said she: "I wish I had more."

What do you think the dear, precious little fellow did?

He cut it into *four* pieces, — the one tiny sugar-plum, — and shared it with grandmamma and mother and Henry. I am sure the angels looked down from heaven with great joy to see so generous an act.

As for Henry, it made him very much ashamed of himself as he recalled his own meanness; and he could not help wishing he had the big apple once more in his hand, that he might give his noble brother at least a slice.

Gluttony is Henry's besetting sin. He can spare his books or his toys for his companions; but, when it comes to good things to eat, it is very hard for him to deny himself.

I am sorry to see this propensity in any one; because it is the lowest of all faults, and will surely make a man less than a beast if it is not early checked.

Now, will all of you say, "I like the generous spirit of dear little Elliot best"? There is something very revolting in a greedy boy or girl. We can see it plainly enough when those around us exhibit this evil: can we detect it in ourselves?

Let us try to be generous in all things; for this is the spirit of that Jesus who left his own glory, and took upon him our poor nature, that he might exalt us to the world of eternal bliss. He was content to share our sorrows, that we might be partakers of his joy. It ought to be very easy for us to help and bless each other.

God will make it easy to us if we ask him.

Little children, love each other;
See in every soul a brother:
Stretch out eager hands to bless.

F. B. S.

For the Child at Home.

OPEN REBUKE IS BETTER THAN SECRET LOVE — Prov. xxvii. 5.

"I am so glad to see you!" and Georgiana Delemater wound her arms lovingly around her friend Rose White. They had met, unexpectedly, a little out of the village where they lived. Both were taking a morning walk; one for pleasure, the other on an errand of mercy; and both were pleased at the meeting, though a little shade of tender sadness stole over Rose's face, as, returning the caress, she said, "But you were not yesterday." A flush of guilt appeared upon Georgie's face; for Rose's words had sent home a conviction of the truth, and conscience was startled.

Georgiana had been surrounded with the luxuries of life from childhood, wanting nothing save an unselfish heart. Rose, once equally well situated, was now fatherless and poor, but a joy to her widowed mother, and a darling object in the eyes of a young brother. All the village acknowledged her worth; and Georgiana Delemater, though well convinced of it, and at times fond of her society, was yet careful when and where she owned her attachment. When, as was the case the day before (the one of which we speak), she had fashionable friends with her from "town," she was accustomed to pass Rose with a mere nod of recognition, that stung her to the heart. Rose did not envy Georgie, — did not want to be in the way when her city friends were with her; but she felt pained at these cool recognitions. "If she loved me as she professes," she reasoned, "she would desire to present me to her friends." She felt a perfect though humble consciousness of her fitness for

any society to which her friend Georgie was admissible; and a coolness toward her, notwithstanding much effort to prevent it, grew in her heart. But she would not give her up without a reproof: so we hear her saying, "But you were not yesterday."

An embarrassing pause followed; when Rose added gently, "You have a *secret love* for me, and it hurts me like an *open rebuke*."

They walked home in silence: the good angels could not prevail with Georgie; the rebuke was lost. But Rose went home, threw off her sadness, and applied herself to her daily duties with a new earnestness, and kept peace with God and her own heart.

H.



For the Child at Home.

"I DIDN'T MEAN TO."

"There goes Charlie Blake. Let's have him too. There's room."

"Not without crowding."

"Oh! well, he's a good fellow. We can get on. Hi, Charlie! Come here!" And, as he came up to the three boys who stood together, the speaker went on: "We've got these old sleigh-runners, Charlie; we've taken the top off, you see; and we're going to have a grand coast. There's room, with a pretty close fit, for four on deck, — one to steer. Go with us, will you?"

"Where's the coast?"

"Down the hill to the bridge; hard and smooth as glass; first-rate."

"Why, that's right in the road. I can't coast there. Father has told me never to do it. It isn't safe. Sleighs are passing often; and then there's the mill and the river in the way."

"Oh! we shall look out for all that. We can see from the top of the hill clear over the causeway, and we sha'n't start when there's any thing coming. And as to the mill or the river, we're not going to run into them, of course, with a man at the helm. Don't you see our steering gear?"

The others joined with various arguments, and Charlie yielded. They reached the brow of the hill, and had one splendid coast. Then they went up again, and started once more. But this time, either the boy who was steering became excited, and lost his presence of mind, or the "rudder" became unmanageable; and, when nearly down to the bridge, the runners, which were darting like an arrow over the icy road, turned aside from their proper course, and rushed toward the mill-yard, which was full of logs piled in all directions. The boys shrieked for help as they saw the impending danger; but in an instant the runners dashed among the logs, and were broken in pieces, and the boys were thrown forward in a heap together.

They were all bruised or otherwise injured, but Charlie most severely. He was taken up bleeding and unconscious, and with a broken arm.

Some hours later, when he had come to himself, and the broken arm had been set, and all things done which affection could prompt to make him comfortable, his father said to him, seriously but kindly, "Charlie, I am sorry for this. It might have been worse. Thank God you are living. But, my boy, did I not tell you never to coast there?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, then, how did this happen?"

"I didn't mean to, father," said Charlie, the tears coming fast. "When the boys first spoke about it, I remembered what you had told me. But they said so much, that, almost before I knew it, I had agreed to go; though I didn't mean to."

"And 'didn't mean to' has not saved you from days of suffering, nor us from much distress on your account," said his father. "My dear boy, I trust that the pain you must feel from this act of disobedience, which I know you now deeply regret, will teach you that nothing will save us from yielding to temptation but to set our faces as a flint against it, and to resolve that in the strength of God we will *mean* to do, and *will* do, good, and not evil; right, and not wrong."

"How do you think it would sound, Charlie, if, in the great day of reckoning, a sinful soul should give this answer to the questions which the glorious Judge will ask: 'I didn't mean to do as I have, I always meant to do differently; but death overtook me before I had begun to do as I always meant to'? Would such an excuse be received then and there? Think of it, Charlie."

Think of it, you too, dear young reader. How many souls, there is reason to fear, have been kept out of heaven by meaning to do, but not doing, what we all know to be our duty!

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

NAUGHTY LAWRENCE.

Nurse wanted to put on his clean apron; but he kicked and screamed, and made as great an outcry, as if she were doing some terrible thing instead of making him neat and comfortable.

The truth is, the little boy has a strong will of his own, which he does not like to yield to the will another; and he preferred his own time to nurse's to be dressed. I was sorry to see the naughty struggle; for "Laury" has a sweet little face when it is not distorted by angry passions, and I had never happened to be present when it was otherwise than calm and lovely.

Nurse managed to get the sleeves of the apron on with some difficulty, and to fasten the neck, and then put the ungovernable little fellow down from her lap; and what do you think he did?

In his rage he went deliberately to one of mamma's nice rosewood chairs, and with the utmost spite pushed it over, as if that were any soothing to his ruffled temper. The chair fell with a bang that seemed to frighten the little culprit, and to bring him to his senses, and make him ashamed; for he stood perfectly quiet now, looking at his sorrowful mother to see what would come of it all. He knew well that punishment must follow, and so it did; and he was in disgrace, shut up in the closet while my visit lasted, which was not very long, because I always run quickly away from naughty children, it makes me so very miserable to be near them.

I want to teach you a lesson from this obstinate will of little "Laury's" that may help you all your life, my children. It is this: Learn early — the earlier the better — to yield your will to those who have the right to govern you, and you will avoid many sorrows. Grown people must give up their will to God's will; and it is easier to do that,



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THE MAY QUEEN.

WELCOME May! with sunny face and balmy breath and cheerful promise of happy days for the little ones who have been longing for the peeping of the first flowers!

Welcome, too, our "May Queen," with the joyous group about her!

Who of you dear children have never been "a-Maying"? Not many I believe, at least of those who live in the country; although I sometimes think that in our cold climate it would be better if May Day could be put off a little, till the last of the month, perhaps; for then the search so carefully made for early flowers would be rewarded by a greater variety; and none of the eager seekers

would shiver while about it, and almost wish they were at home, instead of out in the chilly air.

In England, May Day is a happy time for the young, and for the old too, indeed; for how can they help rejoicing in the merry-making of the children? There, the young people come together on the morning of the day: a May Queen is chosen from among the girls; she is crowned with flowers, and throughout the day she is treated by her young playmates with all the affection and respect which they think should be shown to their queen.

One of the most distinguished of the English poets—Alfred Tennyson—has written a beautiful poem, called "The May Queen," which you may

have read. It tells of a young girl who was chosen May Queen. I will give you a few of the verses:—

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day:
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother; I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say; but none so bright as mine:

There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say:
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother; I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake

If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay;

For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother; I'm to be Queen o' the May."

There is much more of the poem. Some of it is sad. As the spring and summer passes, this young girl grows sick and weak, and can not be restored to health. It is plain to herself, as well as to her dear mother, that she must die. At first, she is much grieved at the thought; but, before the day of her death comes, she finds peace and rest. These verses will tell you how; they represent her as speaking from a sick-bed:—

"Oh, sweet is the new violet that comes beneath the skies;
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me, that can not rise;
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow;
And sweeter far is death than life to me, that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun;
And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

Oh, blessings on his kindly voice and on his silvered hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
Oh, blessings on his kindly heart, and on his silvered head!
A thousand times I blest him as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin.
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:

Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be;
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me."

It is a delightful thought that the same dear Friend who has made the sweet May-flowers, the violets, and the roses, for us to admire and love, has also shown himself to be more lovely than any of his works. As the beautiful spring comes on, making our hearts glad, let us ask the Lord Jesus to fill these hearts with grateful and trustful thoughts of him, our Creator and our Redeemer. We ought to love him as we look upon his wonderful works. He expects it of us; for it was our happiness and our good that he had in mind when he made the grass and the flowers to spring up and beautify the earth.

Victor.



For the Child at Home.

THE CHILDREN'S SUPPER.

I know what you imagine now, you little things that read this heading. It is a cozy table in a pleasant room. The white damask cloth shines glossily, and the wondrous figures gleam from it,—acorns, and cornucopias, and bunches of flowers so beautiful around the border, and all over the middle, tiny stars, like silvery flakes on a snowy ground.

The pretty china, mamma's best, is displayed; a silver basket upheaped with frosted cakes adorns the center of the board; a glass dish of jelly is at the foot; and two plates of spongy biscuits, nicely split and buttered, complete the feast. A rosy group of boys and girls in holiday attire are seated around; and the good things vanish fast as with keen relish the young people attack them.

That is a pretty picture that your minds have conjured up as you read "The Children's Supper;" but this is what I saw the other day, and what I wish to describe to you: Two little girls—that was all the party—seated upon the stone steps of a great house; the table, their laps; the china, their greasy aprons; the food, refuse bits that they had begged from door to door; their holiday dress, worn and tattered frocks, bare feet, and bare heads.

It was getting dusk as I passed them; and my thoughts went from this pitiable spectacle to the happy homes where father and mother and dear little ones were gathering for the social meal; and I wondered how many little children had ever remembered that there are homeless wanderers all about them, and how many were truly grateful to that gracious God who alone maketh them to differ. Think of it to-night, dear little readers, when you sit feasting at your well-spread table, and pray to your heavenly Father that all these poor outcast children, though they eat alone and in poverty here, may by and by sit down with God's dear ones at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

GOD'S CREATURES.

BY FRANCES LEE.

"I killed two snakes this morning! They were little fellows; and I *deaded* them both, all my own self!"

"Did you?" replied Aunt Jane, just as though she was pleased that Archie had done so brave a thing.

Aunt Jane and Archie were out getting bright-colored leaves, as they slowly fluttered down, one by one, through the soft October sunshine from the maple-trees. They were going to press them in one of the heavy encyclopædias in the library, so that next winter, when the trees have on their white night-gowns, and the flowers are fast asleep under the snow, they can bring them out, and fasten them in gay wreaths upon the walls.

Aunt Jane spoke with a great deal of interest in her tone; but presently, as she stooped to pick up a leaf, one-half of which was yet quite green, and the other scarlet dashed with gold, she said gently, almost as though she were talking to herself, "I don't suppose the snakes wished to be killed.

I suppose they had a good time crawling about in the sunshine, and liked living as well as we do: besides, they didn't hurt any thing."

Archie looked up astonished. "Why, Aunt Jane, they would grow into great rattlesnakes if I hadn't killed them."

"Oh, no, indeed! They would never be any larger. Rattlesnakes, and the great boa-constrictors which are as large round as anybody, are quite a different sort of snakes, and we don't have them here. They live off in the warm countries; and they sometimes hurt people, so there is a reason for killing them."

Archie looked thoughtful. "Yes: my grandpa killed a real *poison* black snake once; but it wasn't here,—it was over to Sundletown; and, yes, it *was* on a hill-side where it is kind of warm," said he.

"Indeed!" returned Aunt Jane. "Well, we do not often find even black snakes about here, and our pretty, graceful little ones do no harm at all. When I was a child, I used to run with the other children to help kill every snake we saw; but I don't now. I put a worm into the fire this morning, which I found in an apple I was eating, because I did not wish to get up and carry it to the window just then; but I have been sorry ever since. He had as good a right to live as I have; and there is plenty of room in the world for us both."

A week after, Aunt Jane and Archie were walking again, when they came upon two tiny snakes, green, speckled with gold and black, lying crushed and dead in the path.

"See here!" said Archie; "somebody has been killing snakes; but it wasn't me; and I sha'n't ever kill any more, either: for *I made up my mind*, when I was up street this morning on an errand for mamma, that I wouldn't. Why, you see they don't want to die; and there is room enough in the world for all of us. You made up your mind not to kill them, aunty, when you were about as big as me, didn't you? and now I have made up mine."

I wonder, little friends, if there an't some more boys who are ready to "make up their minds" never to kill any of God's creatures, unless they trouble us, or unless we wish them for food.

For the Child at Home.

IN THE MIST.

It was a strange morning, almost like one in fairyland. Through a thick mist the trees were dimly seen: all the brown twigs and branches had been silvered by the magical frost.

Little Margaret had not, in her childish memory, any knowledge of such a scene, and begged eagerly to be wrapped in her winter suit, and go forth in this mysterious air. Nothing could be seen across the broad village street: every thing was shrouded in a white vapor. Margaret hesitated on the threshold, hardly daring to leave her father's home and penetrate this unknown world. An ocean seemed to stretch in the distance, where green fields were wont to spread themselves. It was evidently not a time for sliding on her new sled, or trying her small skates on the bits of ice in the yard.

While the child was waiting in her indecision, a voice was heard, calling through the mist. The morning had been very still; all sounds were muffled and vague; but this voice rang through the air with a clear, distinct sound. It said, "Come here, my little child; I am waiting for you! Your father calls."

Margaret heard the well-known voice, yet could not see his form. She looked in every direction, and then stood still, not daring to trust herself on the street. Again the voice was heard, saying, "Margaret, Margaret!" in loving, not angry tones. "Do not linger, child; *your father* bids you come."

Then the little girl determined to follow the loving voice; so she left the steps, and started forth

quite bravely on the icy path. At the gate she paused, not knowing how to find her father. Sometimes he seemed to be near, then far away. Should she go down the street, or in the opposite direction? In a timid way, she called, "Father, I am looking; but I can't find you! I do not know the way!"

"Follow my voice," the father said, "and the way will be easy. Be careful on the ice, and come directly to me."

The docile child hesitated a little longer: should she dare to cross the street on the broken pieces of ice, when she could not see the way? Yet, it was her father calling to her, and he would not lead her astray: so, with faith in that voice, the child began tremblingly to place her little feet on safe places. Sometimes she slipped, and then her courage would almost fail; but the voice encouraged her to persevere.

"Do not fear, my child; nothing shall harm you: trust your father's word."

Once a sleigh dashed quickly by, while Margaret held her breath in terror. The way grew shorter. A few more steps, and she was clasped in her loving father's arms. The mist was rolling away: now she had her father's hand, and feared no evil. They walked together, until the sun, breaking forth, lighted up the silvery trees and shrubs with dazzling beauty. It was now a happy world of light and joy; the mist had melted away while Margaret still held fast that protecting hand.

Many little children, like Margaret, are waiting in their homes, hardly daring to follow their heavenly Father's voice, which calls sweetly to them through the mist. They can not see his face; but they may go to him by that faith which helped this child across the slippery street.

The mist will not last long: soon it will turn into brilliant sunlight, if we are walking by our Father's side, clinging in loving faith to that powerful and tender hand.

Agatha.



NO PAINS, NO GAINS.

A little boy named Samuel was seen one day to pick up an old horseshoe in the road. What did he do with it? He took it to a blacksmith, and sold it as old iron for a penny. It was the first penny he ever had to call his own. This penny was saved till it should be wanted.

The next penny little Samuel had was not found, but got by hard work. "If you will move away this rubbish from my door," said a man, "I will give you a penny." To work the boy went, and soon got his reward.

"Now," said the man, "if you will show me this penny in a fortnight, I will give you another. But first let me put a mark upon it, that I may know it again." He knew that boys liked to spend their money, and he had a mind to try Samuel in this way.

"There is the penny, sir," cried Samuel when the fortnight had passed away. "That is right," said the man: "you shall have another; for you know how to keep as well as to earn."

Samuel had now threepence; and with his first money he bought a hymn-book.

If a penny is worth having, it is worth the trouble of earning. "No gains without pains." So thought Samuel, or at least he acted upon this thought. All boys do not so think and act.

His parents were in an humble condition, and the little boy had to go out at an early age to work for his living. But one morning, before he left home, as he passed his mother's room, he heard her voice, praying. She was calling on God to bless her son Samuel. "Oh!" said he, "if my mother prays so that I may have a new heart, I ought to pray for it too!" He felt unhappy: he saw sin in a way he had never seen it before, and went away into a quiet corner to pray. As he thought of his evil ways, he prayed to God to forgive him for the sake of Jesus Christ. He asked for a new heart; a heart to hate sin, to love the Saviour, and to obey his will. From that hour he became a praying youth. He did not go back to folly, as some young people do, but grew in grace and wisdom.

Samuel went as a boy to assist in a shop. He had to begin his labor at six in the morning, and often had not done till very late at night. The work was hard, but he did not care for that. On he went with it, with a bold hand and willing heart.

When he became a little older, he went into business with his brother. They kept a small shop, and sold butter and cheese, tea and sugar, and many other things. The people soon found that Samuel sold good articles, always spoke the truth, and was honest; and they felt that they were quite safe in dealing at his shop. God blessed this pious young man in his trade.

When he had become a rich man, one of his ways of being useful was in giving away books and tracts. He seldom went out for a walk without a pocketful of little books for children, and tracts for grown-up people.

He was also very kind to the sick and poor. So great was his charity, that he was often called "the poor man's friend." There were many other ways in which he did good; but his great delight was to bring sinners to seek Jesus Christ as their Saviour. Many will praise God for ever and ever in heaven, that they once knew this pious man on earth.

For the Child at Home.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

Willie and Simeon were boys of about the same age, who attended the same school, and who always loved to be together. It was very pleasant to their teacher, and to all their friends, to see how lovingly they played together; never quarreling, or calling each other hard names.

One day, however, they had a little toy which Willie said was his, and which Simeon was quite sure belonged to himself. They looked sober and unhappy; and their teacher felt very sadly to see them sitting apart from each other, instead of nestling close together, as they were accustomed to do.

Dear little readers, do you know of any brothers and sisters, who, although they love each other very much, sometimes quarrel about some trifle? I hope, if any of you ever do this, you will learn to do as Willie and his little friend did.

Going up to them, the teacher inquired, and soon found out the cause of the trouble.

"Willie, do you not love Simeon?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do."

"Simeon, do you not love Willie?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do; but that is my ball."

"Willie, are you not willing to give the ball to Simeon?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am."

"Simeon, are you not willing to give it to Willie?"

"Yes, ma'am."

They were both warm-hearted and generous boys, and began to be much ashamed of the selfishness which they had manifested. The teacher then inquired, "Will you not both give the ball to me?"

With a pleasant smile, they both assented, and the ball was placed in the teacher's desk. For the many months which they attended that school, this

was the only dispute they were ever known to have; and they were afterwards even better friends than before.

Not long after this, they both disobeyed the rule of the school by remaining out at recess beyond the time allowed. They knew that they must be punished, and took their stand in the floor as they came in, like two little culprits who knew they had done wrong. The teacher, after telling them how sorry she felt, took Willie's hand, and whipped it until it smarted very much. And now how do the little boys and girls suppose he behaved about his little friend? Would you want your friend, or your brother or sister, to be punished because you had been?

The teacher took Simeon's little hand in hers; but Willie cried louder than when he was punished himself, and begged the teacher not to punish "Simeon." "Please don't punish him. He wasn't to blame. I got him to go so far away that he couldn't get back quick enough. Please don't punish him."

Oh, how beautiful is such love among children, as well as among older people!

For Willie's sake his little friend was forgiven; and they were very careful not to transgress again. These little boys are now grown-up men. One is a lawyer, and a good and useful man; and the other has long been a landlord in a large hotel. It may be that some of their little boys and girls will read this story. We have told it to you, that you may learn from it this lesson: *Good boys and girls make good men and women.*

F. D. H.



For the Child at Home.

"SOMEBODY'S CHILD."

There was a great fire in one of our cities. A large part of a block of buildings was burning, and crowds had gathered to look upon the grand and awful scene.

At one place the walls were almost hidden under a sheet of flame, and clouds of smoke mingled with sparks rolled high up into the sky, and away with the wind, scattering all along a fiery rain. At other places the fire could be seen, first brightly lighting the rooms, and then, as the window-sashes gave way and fell in, darting out, and seeming to reach upward in tongues of flame to seize upon whatever was above it.

The firemen were hard at work, and the hoarse shouts of the chief-engineer and his aids could be heard as the needed orders were given.

But suddenly, louder than all else, there was a piercing shriek. A fireman heard the appeal of anguish that followed. It was a mother's cry. Her little child, she said, was far up in one of the highest rooms of the burning building, and she prayed that they would save it. The noble-hearted fireman rushed from her to answer that appeal. Not a moment must be lost. The tall ladder was lifted to its place against the heated wall. Strong hands steadied it; and almost before its top had touched the spot where it must lean, the fireman was ascending.

"Whose child is it?" cried a voice from the crowd, as if it should be the treasure of more than common parents to warrant such a perilous effort as he was about making.

"It is *somebody's* child!" replied the generous man, and that was enough for him to know.

He hurried up the ladder. The flames and smoke met and blinded him; but was there not a life to be saved? so he held on. He reached the chamber window. He sprang in, and was out of sight. But soon he appeared again with the little one in his arms. Tenderly he held her; carefully he brought her down the ladder to the ground; and there, having placed her safely in the mother's arms, he sank down, and yielded up his life!

The effort had been too much for the noble fireman; and, in saving the life of the child, he had lost his own.

Do you think that mother ever forgot this act, or the man who did it? Do you think she failed to tell her child the story over and over again, and always with grateful tears? and do you think the child could help loving and keeping fresh in memory, all her life, the man who had thus snatched her from an awful death at such cost to himself? Would not any thing short of this show the blackest ingratitude in them both?

I well know what your answers must be. And while the thoughts which will be awakened by this story are still in your minds, there is one question which I ask each of you, dear young readers, to ask yourselves: If it would be so ungrateful in that mother and child to forget the act of this man, by which he saved one little, precious life, and lost his own, is it not far more ungrateful in *me* to forget the shame and anguish and death on the cross of that Friend of mine, who, though he was the King of glory, died to save my soul?

If you have never yet thought much of this, and will now do so, and will read carefully the two verses of a hymn about Christ which I shall give you, and ask him to help you to feel in your heart what they mean, I believe you will have a joy that you have never known before:—

"For me to lowest depths of woe
Thou didst thyself abase;
For me didst bear the cross, the shame,
And manifold disgrace;
For me didst suffer pains unknown,—
Blood-sweat and agony;
Yea, death itself,—all, all for me,
For me, thine enemy.

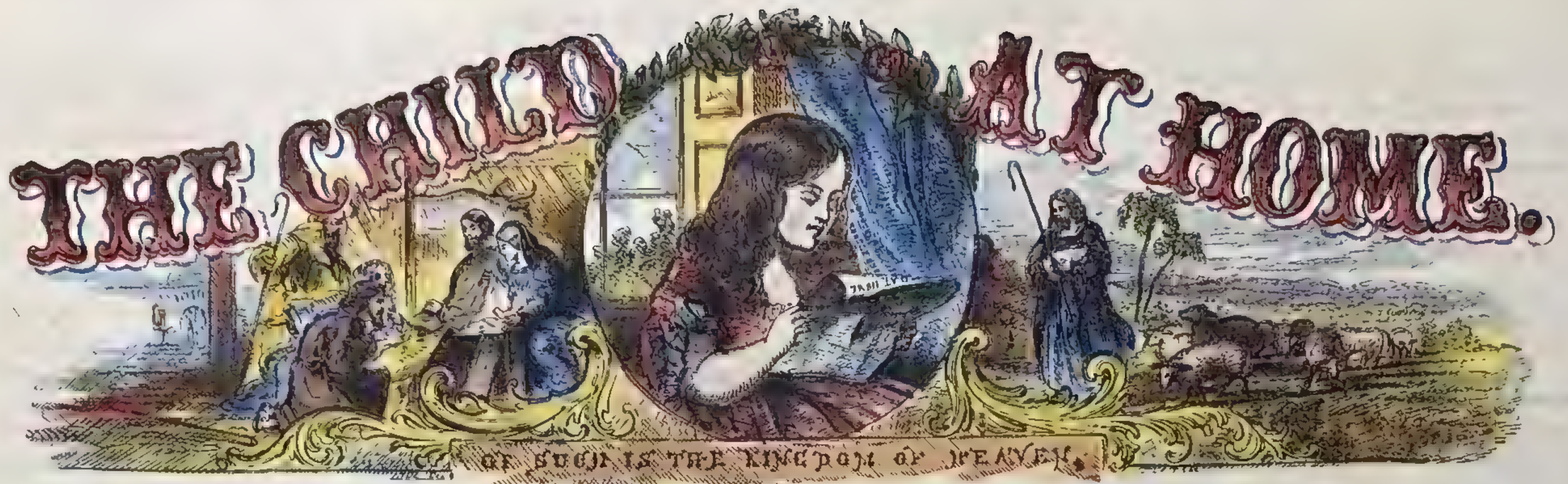
Then shall I not, O Saviour mine!
Shall I not love thee well?
Not with the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;
Not with the hope of earning aught,
Nor seeking a reward;
But freely, fully, as thyself
Hast loved me, O Lord!"

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

WILLIE'S PICTURE OF MOSES.

Willie lives in a pleasant country village, not many miles from the Mississippi River; and from the window of his father's house he can see the cars go by every day,—yes, I'm sorry to say, even on the Sabbath: but Willie thinks that if he lives to be a man, and has any thing to do with railroads, he won't let his cars run on God's day; for God has said we must "keep it holy."



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ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

Yes; that is what all this means. Would you have guessed it? Would you not have said rather, that these colored children are out for some Fourth-of-July celebration, or something of the sort, they seem so full of joy?

It is, indeed, a celebration for them; it is a bright and glorious day. This scene was witnessed lately in Savannah. Who would have believed the prophecy, had it been made a very few years ago, that in the streets of Savannah, Georgia, in the year of our Lord, 1865, a great procession should be seen of the children of slaves made free, and on their way to school!

The Rev. Mr. Alvord, whom many of you know,

was there, and witnessed this scene. This is his story, written in Savannah:—

"Five hundred colored children met in the large basement of the First Baptist Church; and, after examining and grading them, we formed ten schools of fifty pupils each. Two of these were composed respectively of the advanced and ordinary readers; the other eight of such as must commence with very easy lessons, or the alphabet. Fifteen teachers (colored) whom we had examined were assigned to these schools, according to their rank.

"Having finished this arrangement, we formed a procession, with each teacher at the head of his or her school, and marched through the streets to the places assigned by Gen. Geary for our use. It was

a procession such as Savannah never saw before. The children of slaves going to school! As the long line passed, the children by twos and hand in hand, the people gazed and wondered. One man remarked, the sight was only second to the entrance of Sherman's army.

"The buildings occupied are the old Oglethorpe Medical College and Bryan's Slave-mart. The rooms of each are large and very convenient. As we entered the spacious saloon in the second and third stories of the latter building, and placed the children upon the very same platforms where slaves—their own fathers and mothers—had sat in sadness, while the buyers rudely examined their persons and closed the terrible bargain, it seemed a change wrought only by miracle. Just before, tears and wailings had filled the place; now, bright, flashing eyes, and the insuppressible titter of joy from the black, round faces of negro children. Parents and old men looked on (who, for twenty years, as they told me, had shuddered as they passed this dismal mart), and wept happy tears, lifting their hands, literally, in thanksgiving to God for what their eyes beheld. I looked, myself, upon the deeds of sale for human flesh, and a number of pairs of shackles which I had received as relics, and then upon those five hundred children seated and waiting for instruction, with emotions such as I never felt before."

It is affecting to hear of the joy of the freed parents of these freed children, at the thought that they can learn to read. Mr. Alvord says, that they are quite anxious to pay for their school books. He writes, —

"One teacher told me he had received twenty two dollars for spelling-books the first forenoon. He exchanged with me (for currency) a half-dollar black as iron, of which one of the mothers said to him, 'I keep dis many long year laid up; but now my child want spelling-book, and I ken keep him no longer.' The date of the piece is 1831."

Well may we thank God that we are permitted to live in a day when he is putting it into the power of our loyal people, and giving them the will to aid these poor, ignorant, colored children and their parents in such a way as this.

Remember, young readers, what these lowly ones have suffered through their long bondage, and pray, and do what you can for their welfare.

For the Child at Home.

DO YOU WISH YOU WERE A PRINCE?

I once saw a pretty little boy, in velvet coat, cap and plumes, riding in an elegant carriage along one of the grand avenues of Paris. Before and behind the carriage rode men on horseback, in gay uniforms. I suppose you think he was riding with his father or mother. No: I am told they do not take him to ride with them; it would not be thought proper! Only his nurse and governess ride with the child.

The emperor of France is this boy's father. Of course he is a very important young gentleman,—so important that he even has a dentist all to himself, Dr. Evans, an American, who goes to the palace every morning to see if the prince's teeth are all right.

The imperial child stood at the door of the carriage, leaning his cheek on his hand, and gravely considered the people. He saw some children playing. I thought he wanted to play with them. I dare say he longs sometimes, as one of his royal relatives did, to go and "play in the pretty mud." The grand carriage was soon out of sight, and I saw the prince no more. Poor child! I pitied him. The French people don't like his father; and they may conclude some morning, before the little prince has opened his eyes, that they *will not* have Louis Napoleon to rule them, and will try to get rid of him and his family. But the emperor has so many "guards" around his palace, and everywhere else, that the people could not easily get hold of him.

The emperor has a very solemn face. They say he seldom smiles: he certainly does not *look* as if he knew how to laugh and frolic with his boy. His mamma is a sweet-looking lady, and I hope the prince has some happy times with her; but I fear she can not think a great deal about him, she has to take so much thought about her toilet. Probably she feels obliged to neglect him.

All this is sad enough; yet the worst of all is, that the prince knows little of true religion. I doubt if he understands the prayers he is taught at home or hears at church. His friends are Catholics. Perhaps he is entertained with seeing the people at church, and looking at the odd garments of the priests, and their strange bowings and flourishes; perhaps he likes to look at the great pictures in the church, and hear the fine music; but I am afraid he does not learn much about God, and his own soul.

He does not know that God has commanded the Sabbath to be kept holy. He only knows that it is the day for more riding and gaiety than any other. He sees almost the whole city breaking the Sabbath; and he is growing up to be a Sabbath-breaker, too. Are you not sorry for him?

I have heard children wish they were princes, kings, or queens. Now don't you be so foolish as to wish any such thing. There are princes happier, perhaps, than the son of Louis Napoleon, and who are brought up better; but I do not believe that any of them are as happy as you are.

When princes come to stand before God in the other world they are just like other people. Those who have loved "the Prince of peace" in this world, though they may have been ever so poor, "shall reign for ever and ever" in heaven.

S. E. L.

For the Child at Home.

HOME-MADE PLAYTHINGS.

Probably many of my young readers have a kind pastor, of whom they are very fond. Now, I want to tell you about my pastor, and the kind act he did for a poor little girl. He has a study, built in the church, where he spends several hours every day. A poor woman was cleaning the church; and her daughter, seven or eight years old, was playing there, when my pastor in passing to and from his study chanced to spy the child. She was scantily clothed, and was very shy of the good man, always running away at the sound of his footstep, so that he never had a chance to speak with her.

At last he came out from his study one day, and there was our little girl all absorbed with her playthings, and so interested in them that she never started the least at his approach.

Now what do you suppose her playthings were? A pretty doll with glass eyes and neat clothes, or a rag-baby? It was neither. I wonder whether you could make such playthings as she had? Her mother had swept up some bits of paper, which she had torn into strips, and those strips into square pieces; then she turned up the edges of these, and put very small bits of paper on them, and set them on the floor, and was playing "tea" with them.

She had found some pins also, which she stuck into a door-sill, and on top of them placed a piece of paper. This was her house. The clergyman was so pleased at the joy she exhibited in her new treasures, for her little eyes fairly shone with pleasure, that they became friends immediately. He asked her what she held in her hands, for she was fondling something very affectionately: she answered, "Oh! that's the baby." I wish you would try to guess what this baby was. A little stick of wood, which I presume she loved better than you do nicer babies, for it was her all. Her new friend gave her some pennies, fresh from the mint, and bright like gold dollars: in a perfect ecstasy of joy she flew to show them to her mother. She never again ran away from my pastor, for she found that though he was a large man he could share her joy; and I could have told her that he has a loving, Christian heart; and he was fully rewarded by the pleasure which his sympathy and kindness caused her.

Our pastor told us this story at our Sabbath-school concert.

H. L.



For the Child at Home.

"SOSO AND THE THIEF."

"Soso" is a young friend of mine. Her name is "Sophronia," but that is a long word for a little girl, and therefore her father and mother got into the habit of calling her "Soso," which is much prettier, I think.

One day, when she was quite a tiny little creature, her mother took her to an "Agricultural Fair," where there were many fine specimens of fruits, and of domestic manufactures, and animals, on exhibition.

Of course there was a great crowd upon the grounds, and people pressed very closely upon each other; but Soso could not exactly see why one coarse ugly-looking man should get quite so near as to touch her and her mother, with his shaggy head just over her mother's shoulder. She gave him such a keen glance from her black eyes, that he shrank away in a minute, and was lost in the throng; but, a short time after, Mrs. Ross missed her purse with a good deal of money in it.

"I do believe that ugly-looking man has got it," said Soso.

Her mother had not observed him, but when she saw the police, she told of the missing purse, and also what her little girl had said about the strange man.

A few days after this, several pickpockets were taken up by the detectives, and, among other articles, the bills were found that Mrs. Ross had pricked with a pin in order to know them again; for she felt that a Fair was just the place for rogues. The purse was gone. The officers sent for the owner, and told her to bring "Soso" with her into court, where the men were to be tried for stealing. Now was the time for the bold, bad man to shrink and be afraid.

"Have they brought that black-eyed little girl along?" asked he, with an oath, of one of his companions who had managed to keep clear of the officers, and yet have access to the place of confinement.

"Yes, she is here."

"Then it is all up with me," said the thief.

And it really was; for when the men were led into court, and "Soso" was asked to point out the one who pressed so near to her mother on the day of the fair, she immediately singled out the shaggy-haired thief, and said, "That is he."

And the judge sent him to prison to live two years, away from the virtuous and good, lest by his vicious habits he should lead others to evil, and as a well-deserved punishment for his sins; for this was only one of many offences.

Ah! we may be sure our sin will find us out, however we may plan to escape detection. That bold thief little thought that the simple child who clung to her mother's hand would be the means of bringing to light his deeds of darkness, and of shutting him out from the glorious freedom which the good citizen enjoys.

Let us ask the blessed Saviour to help us to make our lives so pure from evil, that we may not shrink from the presence of any of our fellow-beings, and that when we stand before our Eternal Judge, he may not cast us into outer darkness.

F. B. S.

For the Child at Home.

HARRY'S SERMON.

It was a warm Sabbath afternoon in June, and the minister was lying on the sofa at home, quite tired after the two services of the day. Harry was reading his new library-book at the window; and Eddie, a curly-headed little fellow of four years old, was running about, asking a hundred questions, climbing into dangerous places, and keeping his poor father in continual uneasiness.

"Where's mother?" he asked Harry at last. "In the nursery, with baby," said Harry. The minister sighed; it would not do to send Eddie there. "Couldn't you sit still a little while, Eddie?" he asked. And Eddie tried, and found he couldn't.

"How selfish I am!" thought Harry. "Poor father's head aches, and I might take care of Eddie."

"Eddie," he said, "let's go to church; and I'll be the minister and preach you a sermon. 'Well,' said Eddie, 'and I'll be the peoples.'" So Harry led him away, and they went up stairs together. As the child climbed the second flight, clinging to his brother's hand, he said, "Seems to me the minister and the peoples are going up into the steeple!"

This flight of stairs led up to a fine large attic, before whose dormer window stood an old-fashioned rush-bottomed arm-chair with short rockers. "This is your pew," said Harry, lifting Eddie into it; "and now you must pay attention to my sermon." He set an old fire-screen in front of him, by way of pulpit, and thus began:—

"My text is a very short and easy one, a part of papa's text this afternoon, 'Be kind.' There are some little texts in the Bible, on purpose for little children; and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermon:—

"Firstly. Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise

when he has a headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is, but I do. I had one once and I didn't want to hear any one speak a word.

"Secondly. Be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, 'It is time for you to go to bed,' half a dozen times over.

"Thirdly. Be kind to baby."

"You have leaved out, 'Be kind to Harry,'" interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry, "I didn't mean to mention my own name in my sermon. I was saying, Be kind to little Minnie; and let her have your red soldier to play with, when she wants it.

"Fourthly. Be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you."

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said, —

"But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"People mustn't talk in meeting," said Harry.

"Besides, if a little boy creeps all over the bed, under the bed-clothes, before he gets out of it, I should think his little yellow curls would have to be pulled before his head would look fit to be seen at the breakfast-table. And now I have forgotten whether the next head was to be *fifthly* or *sixthly*."

"I don't know what *fifthly* is," said Eddy.

"Oh, that's because you don't know how to count. See here, I'll count them on your fingers for you. *One*, Be kind to papa. *Two*, Be kind to mamma. *Three*, Be kind to baby. *Four*, Be kind to Jane. Oh, yes! that's it. Now the little finger is *Five*.

"*Fifthly*. Be kind to Kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Baby made her me-ow right out loud to-day," interrupted Harry's restless little congregation again. "She pulled her tail, and Kitty jumped right down off the cradle, and ran to the door; and I shut it for her."

"Opened it, you mean," said Harry.

"Isn't the sermon most done?" asked Eddie; "I want to sing;" and without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse, or give out a hymn, he began at once with, "Three little kittens, they lost their mittens."

The little preacher looked somewhat disconcerted; but had no time to remonstrate, for the supper-bell rang, and Eddie was speedily on his way down stairs.

"You were very quiet up stairs," said their father; "and I had a good nap, and feel much better."

So Harry's sermon did good beyond the limits of his small congregation. M. E. A.

For the Child at Home.

HAVE YOU NOT DONE THE SAME?

Thou that sayest a man should not steal, dost thou steal? — Rom. ii. 21.

"A thief! a thief!" The words rang through the street; and presently strong hands were laid upon a little boy of only ten summers, who, crying and struggling, threw down the handful of cakes he had stolen, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm sorry! I'm sorry! but I was so hungry!" The officer led him off, and the people who had stopped to look on passed along. Among them was George Ladd, a well-dressed boy, who was taking a morning walk with his mother. The poor boy's desolate look and words had deeply excited the lady's feelings; but George had betrayed nothing during the scene but curiosity to see the result. His mother observed this with pain, but said nothing, hoping her little son would express some sympathy after the excitement had passed away. But, instead of doing so, he only assumed an air of superiority and self-satisfaction, and asked, "Ain't you glad, mother, that I am honest? Why, I wouldn't steal a pin, for the world!"

Mrs. Ladd looked down sadly upon George, and asked, "Did you not make your sister Anna uncomfortable this morning, by telling her you was going to have a nice walk, tauntingly remarking,

that she had to stay at home, and practice her music-lesson?"

George looked a little discomfited, and the haughty expression faded somewhat from his face, for he remembered his words to Anna, and the sorrowful look they had occasioned. But he said nothing, and his mother continued: "And yesterday, when baby Ella was playing with the new toy your father brought her, you stood behind her and snatched it suddenly from her hand just to amuse yourself with her wild, disturbed look. You have been many times reprov'd for such acts, though we have never called them by any harsher name than mischief. But I think they might properly be called *theft*. Whenever you do such things, you steal enjoyment from others; and, George, do you not do it from a much lower impulse than the one which actuated that poor boy to take those cakes? He was hungry. Your wants are all supplied; and yet you are not satisfied without frequently doing selfish things, merely to gain a momentary, low enjoyment. I can not describe to you the pain it causes, when we perceive this spirit in you; and it ill becomes you to turn from another erring child with feelings of pride and self-satisfaction."

Much to George's relief, they had now reached home, and the conversation ceased. We will hope the lesson was not lost. H.

For the Child at Home.

JESSIE'S BIBLE.

Jessie's father was a drunkard.

I hope none of the bright eyes which will fall on those words will grow dim with tears as their owners are obliged to think, "So is my father!" for it is a sad thing to have a drunken father.

Jessie was a dear child. God had remembered her in her trouble, and had softened the great grief which had come upon her by giving and preserving a lovely Christian mother to be her earthly guide; and that mother's prayerful teachings had been blessed. Jessie, too, became a Christian.

What a comfort she was to that mother! Many an hour they sat together at evening, when the father was out in his drunken revels at the dram-shop. They talked together of the love of Jesus; of his precious promises; and of the happy home above to which they felt sure he was bringing them, though through sore trials. And many a prayer they offered together for "poor, dear father," as Jessie always called him when she prayed.

They never gave him up; they never ceased trying, by kind words and affectionate treatment, to win him back to what he once was; for Jessie, as well as her mother, could remember the time when he was a very different man. And even now there were days when he was sober; when he worked to support his family; and when he felt sadly to remember the grief he had caused them. Then he would be tempted again and fall.

Jessie was preparing a surprise for her father. The surprise was to be a present to him on his next birthday, — the present to be a beautiful little gilt-edged Bible, which she was to buy herself, and which she thought he would prize as coming from the little daughter whom he so much loved, and to whom, when not under the influence of strong drink, he was so kind.

A good Christian lady was in the secret, and in various ways she had helped Jessie to add to the pennies which she was keeping safely in a drawer in her own room, and which were increasing in number in a way that assured her she would have enough to buy the Bible.

Jessie had already begun to count the days to pass before she should purchase her gift, when one

of the dark times came, in which her father yielded to the appetite that cursed his home. He wanted money to buy more rum; and coming into the house when Jessie and her mother were out, he commenced a search. Finding nothing where he had more than once laid hands upon small sums which his thoughtful wife had saved and laid aside for better uses, he entered his little girl's room, and there he quickly discovered her hidden treasure.



With a drunkard's baseness and meanness, he eagerly seized it and hurried to the tavern, where it was soon in the landlord's till behind the bar.

Poor Jessie! She knew at once, on going into her room, that somebody had been there, and hastening to her drawer, found, to her sudden distress and dismay, that her money was gone.

"It's father!" sobbed Jessie; "and when I had saved it for him, too!"

And it was impossible for her mother to keep back her own tears, as she strove to comfort little Jessie. But they knew where to go for consolation, and He who loves and pities his children soothed Jessie's sorrow.

When the wretched husband and father came home, he was greeted with no reproaches. Had he been himself, he would have noticed the sad, patient faces of his wife and child; but he saw none of this, and was aided, as he had often been before, to reach the little bedroom, where he was soon in a drunkard's sleep. Late in the evening he awoke. Jessie and her mother still sat together. The door stood ajar. They were preparing to retire to rest. They had been talking of other matters, but Jessie's grief seemed to return as they were about to offer their evening prayer, and he heard her voice: "I should not feel so badly, mamma, if I had saved it for myself; but to think that after I had tried so many weeks to get enough to buy father that Bible for my birthday-gift, he should take it and spend it for what hurts him and us so much!" and then he knew that the tears of both mother and child were falling.

He was wide awake now, and listening; and a sharp pain was at his heart, for he understood all that he had heard and all that he had done.

"Well, darling, there is One who will help us," was the comforting reply of Jessie's mother; "let us pray, now." And then their prayers were offered; first the mother's, then Jessie's; and when he heard his sorrowing child pleading for a blessing on her "poor, dear father," he was made to feel

For the Child at Home.

A SONG FOR SPRING.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.

1. Oh, the spring, the beau-ti-ful spring has come! I see it in all the trees; In the
 2. Oh, the spring, the beau-ti-ful spring has come! I hear it in all the wood, Where the
 fluttering blossoms about my home, A-whirl in the danc-ing breeze. We hail thee, we hail thee, oh
 wild birds gather, and insects hum, And streams are in merry mood. We hail thee, we hail thee, oh
 beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful spring! What grace and what sweetness the bright days, the bright days bring!
 beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful spring! What joy and what music the bright days, the bright days bring!

3 Oh, the spring, the beautiful spring has come!
 I feel it within my heart;
 For it thrills and throbs with the festive bloom
 Life's quickening pulses start.
 We hail thee, we hail thee, oh beautiful spring!
 What cheer and what lightness the bright days bring!

4 Oh, the spring, the beautiful spring has come!
 The type of a brighter day,
 When the soul shall rise from the icy tomb,
 And joyfully soar away.
 We hail thee, we hail thee, oh beautiful spring!
 What hope and what promise the bright days bring!

himself to be such a vile and wicked wretch, that he could hardly refrain from groaning and crying aloud.

It would make too long a story for me to tell you here how Jessie's father was carried through the struggle that begun that night. No such battles can be fought and won with human strength alone. But that evening was the last in which he came home as a drunkard, and Jessie's money was the last he ever spent for rum.

Jessie's friend, the Christian lady, heard the story, and she found a way to help her so that she could buy a little gilt-edged Bible, all her own, to give her father when his birthday came; and it was one of her brightest, happiest days.

"It shall remind me, little Jessie," said her penitent father, as he received the Bible, "not only of what I have been, and what I have done which has caused you and your dear mother so much pain, but also of what I ought to be, and with the help of God I mean to be to you hereafter."

And so, in many ways, little Jessie's thought of giving her father a Bible for a birthday present proved a blessing.

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

NOT DEAD.



APPY little Eddie was playing with a companion in the yard, when a gentleman passed through.

"Is that your father, Eddie?" inquired the other child.
 "No," said Eddie; "I have no father."

"No father!" exclaimed the boy, in astonishment. "He must be dead, then?"

"Dead! no, he isn't dead at all," answered Eddie; "he is in heaven."

"He must be dead, then," said the other; "for nobody goes to heaven who isn't dead."

"I tell you, boy," said Eddie, "my father isn't dead: he lives in heaven. For, don't you know the good never die? Mamma says, those who are good, and live for Jesus Christ, never die, but go to live with God in heaven. And the Bible says so too."

"I didn't know it," said the other boy. "Oh, I wish I could be good, so as to live always."

It was a sweet, true thought of little Eddie's that *the good never die*; for God gives to such *eternal life*. The body dies, and is laid away out of sight for ever; but the soul—the immortal part—grows stronger and brighter and happier through all the years that have no end. The Christian need never think of death as something cold and dark and dreadful: there is more light than darkness in it; more joy than terror. If one, after being sick or hurt, so as to be full of pain, should suddenly become well, and be removed to a beautiful palace, with all sweet, holy things around him, would he be afraid or sorry for the change? Death to the Christian is no more to be feared than that: it is the happiest thing that ever came to him.

But the little boy that wants to live always must be good; must love God and obey all he knows to be right; he must have Christ for his Saviour, and then he may be sure of living always with God in heaven.

Then, when the change comes, which we call death, he will be only waking to new life and beauty and joy.

E. L. E.

For the Child at Home.

THE NIGHT AND THE DAY.

BY FRANCES LEE.

I remember, when I was no older than the youngest of you, my little ones, being left to go to sleep by myself in the dark.

I heard my sister's step going lower and lower down the stairs; then the chamber-door opened and closed, and the light of the candle she carried, which had been growing fainter all the way, disappeared of a sudden; and after that there seemed to be a wide gulf between me and everybody living. I could still hear, now and then, a sound of voices, or a chair moving across the floor, or a shutting door; but that was nothing to me. I was put away by myself for the night, and who knew what would happen before daylight came again? The house might get on fire, robbers might break in, or I might fall sick and even die. So, as I lay and thought of these dangers, my only feeling of safety was, in asking God over and over again not to let any thing dreadful happen in the dark hours.

I sometimes went off to sleep, saying, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep;" and then the next I knew, perhaps, the room was light as ever, the birds

were singing in the maples, the boys were shouting to the cows on the way to their pasture, and people were stirring all over the house. It was broad, bright day again, and I was well and safe.

Then I thanked God for keeping all harm away while I was asleep; but I did not really feel as though there was much need of asking him to take care of me any longer when I was awake, and could see to take care of myself.

Now, however, that I am older, I feel more helpless. For, although I can make bread for myself to eat, I can not cause the sun and rain to make the grain grow, that I may have flour for the bread. Somebody very much mightier and wiser than I must do that: and take care also, that the bread, after it is eaten, becomes healthy flesh and muscle and blood; and that the blood goes with an even flow all over my body. Because if it rushes too fast for just one moment to the heart or head or lungs, I shall die in that one moment.

Then only think of the thousands of dangers about us, seen and unseen.

A bit of ice upon the pavement, snow sliding from a roof, a flash of lightning, a runaway horse, the wrong vial, a broken needle, a lucifer-match, a mouthful of meat even, have each brought death to many and many a one.

So I know every morning, when the sun comes up above Rocky Mountain, that, before it sets behind the Shelburne Hills, I may have gone away from this pleasant world to come back no more for ever; or, if I am still here, something may have happened which shall change every thing in life for me. Therefore my only feeling of safety now, in the light as well as in the dark, is in asking God, who can do every thing, to keep me from evil; and in believing that whatever happens he knows it, and that whether I live or die, he will take care of me.

For the Child at Home.

ONE MORE LOOK AT THE STARS.

How beautiful is the death of a child, upon whose heart has rested, softly and sweetly, the dews of divine grace! Such was that of the little boy of whom I will tell you.

He lay sick of a distressing illness. About half an hour before leaving his earthly for his heavenly home, he said, "Father, I should like to look at the stars *once more*; will you carry me to the door?" His father took him gently in his arms, and granted his request. After gazing a few moments at those sparkling orbs, he said, "Father, ask mother to bring a pillow, that I may lie here and keep looking at them." The pillow was brought, the frail little form laid upon it, the languid eyes once more lifted heavenward, and, murmuring a last, sweet, dying prayer, he went up far above the stars to the loving arms of Him who said, "Let the little ones come unto me."

M. F. C.

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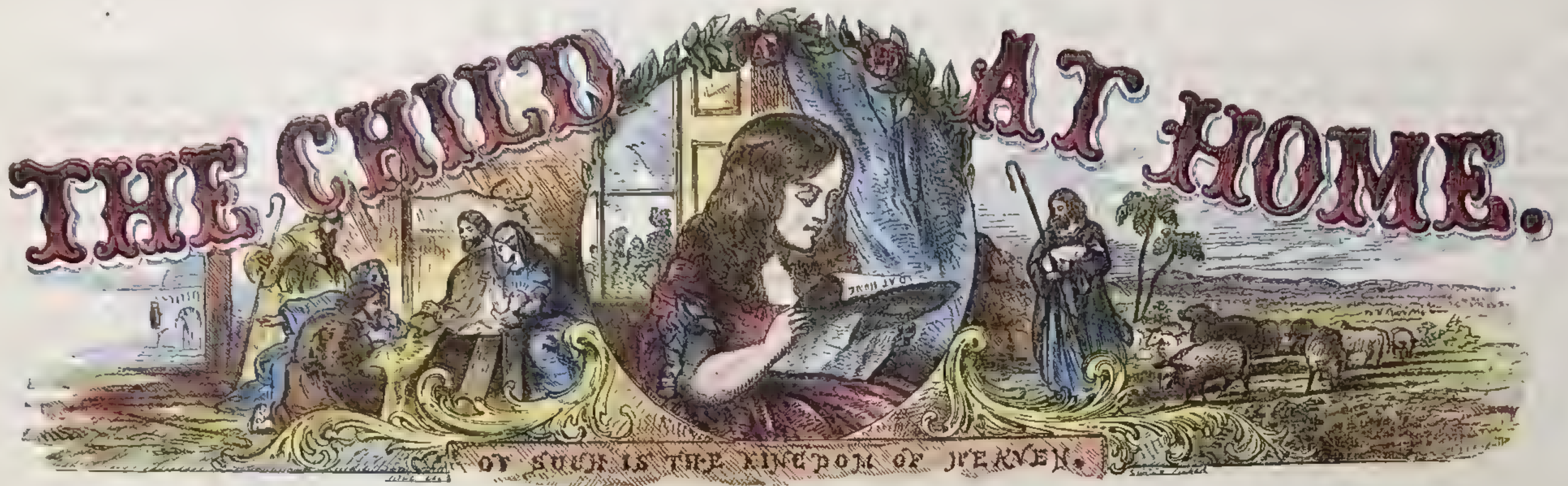
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"SHOOT ME, BUT SPARE THE FLAG!"

Did you ever hear the story of Barbara Frietchie? She was the loyal old woman of Fredericktown, Maryland, who, when she found the men of the place had hauled down the "stars and stripes" on the approach of Stonewall Jackson and his army, hoisted "the dear old flag" from her attic window, and kept it there as the rebels passed. This beautiful poem of John G. Whittier tells the story:—

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Fredericktown,
Forty flags with silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Fredericktown,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic window the staff she set
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat, left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—outblazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag!" she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came:

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick Street
Sounded the tread of marching feet.

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gap's sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Fredericktown!

For the Child at Home.

"THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD!"

We didn't know how much we loved President Lincoln till he was so suddenly taken from us by the act of a murderer. The young, as well as the old, loved him. A friend of mine, who has a precious family of children, told me, that on that sad Saturday morning, when the words came to us over the telegraph wires making it known that this sorrow had fallen upon our people, the news was brought to his house by a boy from a neighbor's family. He came to my friend's door and called out his little son, who was a playmate, and told him the story. The little fellow went back into the room where his father and mother and the other children were sitting, and burst into tears as he sobbed out the words, "The President is dead!"

Ah, Harry, dear, warm-hearted boy! tens of thousands—yes, hundreds of thousands of grown-up men were not ashamed to mingle their tears, with yours that day over our great grief. But it was the hand of God. The vile assassin succeeded in his fiendish plan; but our dear President was not smitten down before our loving Father in heaven was ready to have him come home. And he is now, as we believe, for ever safe from all care and suffering, with the Saviour in whom he trusted.

Dear children, were you in the habit of praying for President Lincoln? I hope so. Pray now as earnestly for President Johnson, that God will make him as faithful a man, and as worthy of our love and confidence, as "the good President" was who is dead.

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

MINNIE'S PRAYER.

In her little curtained chamber
Kneels sweet Minnie Ware:
Through the silvery evening shadows
Floats the voice of prayer:—
"God bless mother, God bless sister,
And dear brother Fred;
God bless father,"—now in anguish
Droops the golden head.

"O dear Saviour, watch o'er father;
Heal his wounds so sore;
Far away, 'mid dead and dying,
Guard him evermore;
Give him back to life and country:
Saviour, hear my prayer!
Bless my father, shield and save him,"—
Wept poor Minnie Ware.

"Once more grant him health and vigor,"
Prayed the gentle maid:
"But thy will, not ours, dear Saviour;
I am not afraid.
Life or death, thy ways are righteous:"
Minnie ceased to weep;
Laid her head upon her pillow,
Gently sank to sleep.

In the hospital so dreary,
Racked with grief and care,
Wounded sore, and ill with fever,
Lay brave Captain Ware.
Soon the fever reached its crisis:
Will he live, or die?
Wearily the anxious watchers
Crush the rising sigh.

"He is almost gone!" they whisper;
His tried comrade weeps:
But a joyful change comes o'er him;
"See, thank God! he sleeps."
In the very hour when kneeleth
Gentle Minnie Ware,
He is saved: oh sweet reflection!
God has heard her prayer!

Dewdrop.

LETTER FROM BERLIN, PRUSSIA.

A Prussian lady, whose home is in Berlin, sends us an interesting letter; saying that she has received the "Child at Home," and is much pleased with it. Mr. Woodruff of whom she speaks is a gentleman of Brooklyn, New York, who spent some time in Europe, and whose love of Christ's work and of the young led him to help Christian people there to establish Sabbath schools in many places where they were never known or heard of before. We copy for our young readers a part of her letter:—

"When, eighteen months ago, Mr. Woodruff came to Berlin, there was no such a thing as a Sunday school here. We never can thank him enough for urging us to start such schools; and the Lord's blessing has been with this, our glorious work. There are now eight Sabbath schools here in Berlin, every one with from one hundred and fifty to three hundred scholars. I am myself a Sabbath-school teacher with all my heart; and am never so happy as when I am with my class, or in our teachers' meeting. Perhaps it will interest your American children to know that our scholars have a little paper like your 'Child at Home' (the name of which, in your language, is 'The Sunday School'), and a little library, and hymn-books; and that they like their Sunday school and teachers and reading and singing very much.

"I sometimes invite my class to my house to sing with them; and other ladies of our school do so too: and the children like very much to come. We also visit them in their own homes, and are always well received by the parents. We hope, that in some years, we may have Sabbath schools all over Berlin, and perhaps, all over Prussia.

"The God of peace be with you and your country; and may your noble strife be crowned with success!"

Sincerely yours,

"HELENE RUPPEL."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

From how many hundreds of thousands of lips this prayer goes up every day! Parents and children repeat it. In homes in the crowded city and in the quiet country, in every land, and from many a ship upon the sea, and in almost every language that is spoken on the earth, the beautiful prayer is offered: and "Our Father in heaven" hears, and for Christ's sake answers that prayer when it comes from a humble and believing heart, by whomsoever it may be uttered.

We give you here the prayer, first in English, the language of our own American children, and then in the language of the children of the Sandwich Islands, with pictures of children; one, an American, and the other, a Hawaiian or Sandwich-Islander.



THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ENGLISH.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.



THE LORD'S PRAYER IN HAWAIIAN.

E ko makou Makua iloko o ka lani, e hoa noia kou inoa. E hiki mai kou Aupuni; e malamaia kou makemake ma ka honua nei, e like me ia i malamaia ma ka lani la. E haawi mai ia makou i keia la i ai na makou no neia la; e kala mai hoi ia makou i ka makou lawehala ana, me makou e kala nei i ka poe i lawehala i ka makou. Mai hookuu oe ia makou i ka hoowalewaleia mai; e hoopakele no nae ia makou i ka ino; no ka mea, nou ke Aupuni, a me ka mana, a me ka hoonaniia, a mau soa aku. Amene.

Those who love Christ may pray in different languages here on earth; but their love and their hopes are the same, and they will rejoice together in heaven.

For the Child at Home.

TAKE THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

Said a reformed drunkard, "I began to drink when I was six years old; by eating the sugar out of the tumbler after my father had taken his drams." Said another, "I was carried home drunk, from Milk Street, at nine years of age, on one Fourth of July." Both of these were Boston boys, who had excellent opportunities to become good men; but strong drink blasted their hopes. Another said to me, "Nearly all drunkards learned to drink when they were boys."

Think of this, children, and sign the temperance pledge at once. Ask the superintendent of your Sabbath school to introduce the pledge, that the scholars may sign it. Many Sabbath schools are doing this; and all the schools in the land ought to do it. The Massachusetts Temperance Alliance is making special efforts to reach the Sabbath schools of all denominations. A pledge-book has been prepared, which schools can have at cost, by sending to the Alliance, 49, Washington Street, Boston. Now, boys and girls, ask your superintendent and teachers to take this matter in hand. Tell them that you do not want to be drunkards; and that you have resolved to "touch not, taste not, handle not."

W. M. T.

For the Child at Home.

HATS AND SOUR LOOKS.

What an unfortunate fashion it is for little girls to wear hats!—hats, instead of the good, snug little bonnets we used to wear when we were children; hats that just cover the top of the head, and leave the face entirely exposed.

So I thought the other day, as I sat in church, and looked at my little friend Rosie Fletcher, seated a few pews before me. A pretty girl Rosie is, with red cheeks which may well have suggested her name; bright black eyes, with curls to match, and a tiny mouth which you could scarcely see without longing to kiss it. But oh, how disfigured that pleasant face became while I looked at it that Sabbath morning! I could scarcely believe my own eyes.

Rosie was seated next her older sister, a young lady of eighteen, who just at that moment had turned and whispered something to her. Instantly the brow was clouded, the black eyes flashed, the small lips pouted, and the whole face assumed such an unpleasant, ugly look, that involuntarily I bowed my head, and put my hand over my eyes, while I inwardly exclaimed, "What a pity Rosie did not wear a bonnet!"

Then I went on thinking, Well, supposing she had worn a bonnet, and the silk or satin or velvet had hidden all that unpleasant distortion of the pretty face from me, it could not have hidden it from Jesus and the angels. Oh, if her sour looks could make me feel so badly, how must they have pained the holy, loving hearts of the dear Saviour, and of that great cloud of witnesses always hovering about us!

I know that my little friend would be extremely mortified if she knew that I had seen and noticed her ill temper. I know it from experience; for something of the same kind once happened to me, when I was a little girl, just about Rosie's age; and I have never ceased, from that day to this, to remember and feel ashamed of it.

I was permitted to attend an exhibition given by a juvenile school, which promised great entertainment; but I had a very poor seat, where I could neither see nor hear distinctly, and I felt quite disappointed and unhappy. I was all alone, however, and told my trouble to no one.

The next day, I met Aunt Lucy Stone in the street.

"You didn't have a very nice time at the exhibition yesterday," said she. "I am very sorry."

"Why, yes, I did, aunt Lucy! it was splendid! I exclaimed; for I had really enjoyed a good deal, and, in the remembrance of the pleasure, I had quite forgotten the unhappiness of the hour.

"I just saw Mr. Chase in his store," she replied; "and he told me he noticed you at the hall, and he knew you were not enjoying yourself, you had on such sour looks. He tried to catch your eye that he might find a better place for you."

Such sour looks! How that expression tingled in my ears! I never could see Mr. Chase from that day, but I felt the hot blood rushing up to my cheeks; and, as I said before, I have not yet ceased to feel mortified about it.

Yet I never once thought, at the time, that Jesus saw those same sour looks, and felt far more pained than my good friend Mr. Chase could have done. Isn't it a little strange that we should be so regardless of the Holy One, whose eye is never for a moment turned away from us? We can not see him, you say. True; but we know he is always with us.

Nor is it the looks alone that cause pain to the dear, loving heart of Jesus. He sees the heart from which those expressions of the face arise, and knows that selfishness, anger, obstinacy, and many naughty feelings, are at work there, which will surely increase, and finally destroy us, unless they are driven out. And the thought of our great peril from these indwelling foes is what grieves and troubles him. Dear little girls, try to have your hearts always as pure and placid and smiling as you would wish your faces to be if you knew your dearest friend was looking at you. Then wearing hats will seem a very pleasant and desirable fashion; for it will give us a good chance to see a bright and happy countenance,—the index of a loving, pure, and happy heart.

H. E. B.

For the Child at Home.

A GOOD PROMISE.

A little boy in a city, who had no nice play-yard, was sometimes allowed to play in the street. His mother always told him to have nothing to do with boys who used bad words; and Johnny felt a great responsibility for good behavior when trusted alone. One day, another boy, to whom he had lent his drum, got vexed, and broke out in rude, disagreeable language. Johnny marched right up to the boy, and asked for the drum, saying, "I must go to my mother."

"Why? what for?" the children all inquired.

"Mamma never lets me play with boys who use bad words," said Johnny.

"Well, I won't use any more bad words if I may play with you," said the boy, sorry to lose the music of the drum.

"I'll ask my mother," said Johnny; "and, if she says I may, then I will: but I shouldn't like to learn such words."

"Tell your mother, Johnny," answered the boy, "I'm done now: she needn't ever be afraid any more of my using bad words; for I just wont,—that's all, if she thinks so."

Johnny's mother watched the children at their play for a time afterward, and she never learned that the boy broke his promise not to use bad language any more.

That is the way to break any wrong habit,—say, *I will not*; and keep the promise like a man. And if every little boy who is taught at home to be good, and who wishes to make of himself a good man, would turn away from all wicked and mean-talking

street-boys, they would be always reprov'd for bad words, and many, like the one who promised Johnny, would never let good people hear any thing bad from their lips again.

What little boys will do as Johnny did? E. L. E.

For the Child at Home.

THE ART OF PRINTING.

Did you ever think, young reader, when looking on the fair pages and columns of the books and papers provided for you,—to say nothing now of the beautiful pictures which can not fail to please,—did you ever think how much labor and care and time and money it has cost to bring the art of printing to such perfection?

Look at this picture. Can you tell what it is?



If you had been in the city of Mentz, in Germany, in the year 1450 or thereabouts, more than four hundred years ago, you might have found a room, used by Johannes Guttenberg and his partner Johann Faust, as a printing-office. As early as the year 1438, it is said that Guttenberg owned a press and some types; but no book was printed by him till after Faust had joined him in the business. You see them here about their work. An impression, or "proof," from the types, has just been taken on the sheet of paper which they are examining with so much interest.

See what a rough, clumsy thing their printing-press is! and the types, compared with what are now used, were equally clumsy. See the ink, too, in that plate on the floor, with a sort of sponge or "dauber" in it, with which it had to be put upon the types by hand. How slow the work! and how expensive a book must have been!

But improvements were made, and printing-presses were multiplied; so that, within fifty years from the time when Guttenberg looked upon his first proof, there were two hundred and twenty places in Europe where presses were set up. In our own country, the first printing-press was used in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1639. And now these wonderful machines are to be found almost without number.

When you look at this picture, and think how long it must have taken Guttenberg to print a single paper of four pages, you can form some idea of the improvements that have been made since that time, by remembering, that there are presses now at work, driven, of course, by steam, which will strike off *fifteen thousand impressions of a paper in an hour!* that is, *two hundred and fifty impressions in a minute!*

It would interest and please you very much, no doubt, to go through the establishment where your "Child at Home" is printed, and see these beautiful sheets thrown off from the press.

But all these things have been brought about by

thought and care and time. Many weary days and months and years have been spent by patient men, in studying and planning and experimenting to find the best and quickest way to do all things connected with printing. And He who gave the mind to think and invent, and the power to carry out these inventions, should receive honor and thanks and praise that he has thus enabled men to spread so widely all knowledge,—knowledge of himself and of his works,—and that, too, at so cheap a rate, that the poorest need not be without the precious pages which make known "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

HOW DO YOU TREAT IT?

"This Bible must not be on the floor," said a little boy, seven years old, as he carefully took up the sacred volume which some one had laid on the carpet. "How *could* anybody put the Bible there!" he exclaimed with a look of astonishment.

Edward always treated the Bible with reverence; and even when he grew up, and was for a time a worldly man, he could not bear to see it abused or handled with disrespect.

I remember, one day after his return from an absence in far-distant lands, as he came into the room where we were sitting, he saw that the open window—the spring of which was broken—was supported by a Bible. I was but

a little girl then; yet I remember, as if it were yesterday, how expressive his fine dark eyes were of pain and amazement as he went to the window, and, removing the Bible, said, "Allow me to put another book in place of this Bible. I do not like to see it used for any common purpose."

As years passed on, Edward learned to love, as well as reverence, the Word of God. A small copy of it, given him by an older sister, was the companion of his wanderings about the world. Edward died almost a year ago, far from home and friends. It was a sad day when the trunks containing his clothing and books were brought to us. We felt that his Bible would be the most precious thing of all, and at last we found it. There it was; worn indeed, but it had been handled so carefully through the long years, that not a leaf was loose, not a stain was upon its sacred pages. In these we found his favorite verses marked; and they spoke to us of his love for God and his word, and of his penitent, humble spirit.

I have seen Bibles with their covers scratched by pins and cut by pen-knives. I have seen Bibles in which people had ciphered, or scribbled nonsense, to while away idle moments. I have seen Bibles thrown away into boxes of rubbish, with their leaves all falling out; and I have seen them lying among the crickets on the floors of church-pews. I have seen them upon tables and bureaus, shamefully covered with dust. Is not this treatment of the Bible displeasing to God? Is it not almost profanity? How do *you* treat your Bible? Is it dusty? Go right away, and wipe off the dust from the holy volume! Beware of defacing in any way the holy Word of God, lest the Lord hold you "not guiltless."

S. E. L.

Use sin as it will use you; spare it not for it will not spare you: it is your murderer, and the murderer of the world. Use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used. Kill it, before it kills you.

Baxter.



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ELEPHANT-WORKING.

"THE elephant shall be our subject this evening," said Mr. Grant; "and I hope you will remember what I shall say, as well as you have remembered our talk about the lion awhile since."

"Yes, father, and I can repeat the verse you gave us, too," said Lizzie.

"And George could tell his story again, I have no doubt; but first let me hear what you can say about the elephant."

"He lives in Asia and Africa," said George.

"He has two tusks and a trunk, and is the biggest animal in the world," added his sister.

"Any thing more?"

"He can be tamed and led about. I saw one in the same menagerie where Lizzie and I saw the lion. But they said he got angry sometimes, and that at one place he ran away and chased a man who was driving a horse and wagon. The man got off, and so did the horse, but the elephant threw the wagon over against the wall by the side of the road, and broke it."

"And he looked ugly, I thought, Georgie; and I didn't want to go very near him. Don't you remember his name? They called him Hannibal."

"It is not very difficult to tame elephants," said Mr. Grant, "after they have been made captives; but they are sometimes offended at what is done to

them or about them, and have violent fits of rage. There was one owned in London some years since, that was exhibited in performances at a theater. He was about eleven feet high. Every day he ate one hundred and fifty pounds of hay, and about two hundred pounds of carrots and other vegetables, and drank seventy or eighty gallons of water. Although usually well-behaved, he sometimes became almost ungovernable with rage, and at last had to be killed on that account."

"It must have cost something for his board," interrupted George, who had heard his father speak of the high prices of things since the war began.

"This elephant," continued his father, "cost his owners on his arrival in England about four thousand five hundred dollars, and he must have been an expensive 'boarder,' as George has said. Elephants were frequently used, in ancient times, in the wars of the Greeks and the Romans. They were also used for show in great processions, and for carrying burdens, and are still used for these purposes. They are employed in the East for dragging artillery, and lifting and pushing great burdens. A strong elephant can march fifty miles in a day, carrying a burden weighing a ton, and that would be heavier than twenty girls and boys like you."

"In this picture you see the natives of Ceylon, plowing with an elephant. The team is quite

different from the nice plow and yoke of oxen you saw Uncle John using, out on his farm last spring. But these poor natives manage to get along without many of the convenient things which our people have. And we may be glad that somebody has taught them this way of putting the elephant's strength to a good use.

"The trunk of the elephant is a remarkable organ. It is a lengthened nose, and is provided with a kind of thumb at the tip; the touch of which is so delicate that its owner could find and pick up Lizzie's needle, should she drop it on the floor. It is also very strong. With it the elephant tears down branches of trees in search of food, and when he would drink, he fills it with water and discharges it into his mouth. The tusks, being ivory, are very valuable. They are six or eight feet long, and weigh from sixty to one hundred pounds each. The flesh of the animal is much relished as food by the natives. Elephants reach their full size at about the age of thirty years, and weigh then from three to five tons. They live from one hundred and fifty to two hundred years.

"Perhaps this is enough for our lesson in natural history. Now for the verse to go with it. George, you may read Psalm civ. 24."

George read the verse, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches."

"Yes, dear children," said their father, "the works of God are 'manifold'—very many—in the world, and 'in wisdom has he made them all.' How much there is in the frame of this one animal, the elephant, to fill us with wonder and admiration at the power and wisdom and goodness of the great Creator. I hope with all my heart that these pleasant talks of ours, in which you seem so much interested, will be the means of leading you both to honor and love him more."

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

RICH AND POOR.

There are two little girls,—Eva and Hattie. One, little Miss Eva, is the daughter of rich parents, who provide every thing for her enjoyment and amusement. She has a room with pleasant south windows for a play-room: there are dolls and doll's furniture, and a miniature coach and horses. She has shelves filled with pretty toy-books, and the walls of her room are hung with fine prints and

engravings that please her little eyes. In snowy, winter weather, flowers from her father's conservatory blossom and fill the window-panes, and clamber in pretty wildness over the panes, so that her life is one perpetual summer. When she wants exercise, a coach whisks her from the dusty city out into pleasant country-roads and cool breezes; or, swathed in furs, she rides in a handsome sleigh after swift horses and a pleasant jingle of bells.

Little Miss Hattie's case, however, is very different. She is the child of poor parents, who, though laboring hard, can but just keep want from the door. Though so young, she has yet duties and cares. She sweeps the floor of the little kitchen, dusts the three wooden chairs, washes the potatoes for dinner, picks up chips for the fire, and does a hundred little things that help her mother vastly, and which little Miss Eva never dreamed of. She has no pleasant room filled with toys and books and flowers. She has only a doll made out of white cloth, with a calico dress, and some queer black cloth shoes; and as for books, she has only a torn primer and a leaf from a painted toy-book. She thinks more of these, however, than Miss Eva does of her room-full.

She, of course, has no flowers in the snowy winter, though her little child's heart yearns for them; only a wee bit of rose geranium, with three stunted, yellow leaves, that often get frost-nipped in the cold little kitchen. Yet her heart has so fastened on these that she loves her dolly dearly, and knows her bits of books by heart; and the three geranium leaves—all she has to remind her of the warm and joyous summer—you may be sure are her choicest treasures. As for a ride, it is a thing never thought of, save when Uncle John comes in from the country to see them, and lets her ride as far as the corner of the next street when he starts for home.

Both little girls have praying mothers who strive to lead their little feet in the right way, and teach the little heart to love God. And little Miss Eva kneels on a velvet cushion at her mamma's knee, while all around falls the crimson drapery of the curtains, and a softened light from shaded lamps falls on her flaxen head; while little Miss Hattie kneels on the cold, bare floor of her little room, with its bunches of dried herbs hung round the walls, and its narrow, uncurtained window, only the moonbeams for her light, and they shine on her head as she prays.

And do you think, little ones, that the prayer that goes up from the home of wealth is more acceptable than the prayer from the home of poverty? Does the dear Saviour look more favorably on the high-bred, richly-dressed little girl with her luxurious surroundings, than the child of poverty and want? Ah, no! He looks beyond the wealth and the surroundings down into the heart, and if he sees love to him there, he is a great and steadfast friend to both; just as near to the poor, barefooted little one as to the child who never has a want, nor soils its white fingers with work. What a comfort! Love Him, then, and, whether rich or poor, trust yourselves in his great hand.

Glance Gaylord.

For the Child at Home.

POOR PATTY.

She was trudging along with her books under her arm, and a little basket in her hand.

I was just behind, watching her tiny figure and bright, baby face, and wondering why it is that when we grow to be men and women we lose that sweet content that belongs to the dear little children. Patty seemed so happy! and yet her clothing was miserably thin and worn, and showed that it was very hard work for her mother to make her tidy for school. But her face was very clean, and

as fresh as a rose after the morning dew; and I think she must have been a good girl during the process of washing and dressing, or there would have been some clouds upon her brow.

Do you know any little girl who pouts and frets while mamma or nurse is making her neat and clean?

I believe the boys and girls who are peevish and unhappy in their childhood are the discontented, murmuring men and women of after years. Do not you?

Fansan.



For the Child at Home.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT HOME.

I suppose that most of you have seen many pictures of President Lincoln, but I think you will agree with me in regarding this as one of the most interesting.

You have thought of Mr. Lincoln as a great and good man, as the friend of the poor slave, as the President of the United States, and the Commander-in-chief of all our armies. Think of him now as the affectionate Christian father. Did you ever stand by your father's knee as he read in the Bible at family worship? I know more than one little boy and girl who have done so.

Here is President Lincoln as I believe you might often have seen him at home. With his little son "Tad," as he playfully called the boy, standing beside him, he is reading the Bible, the book that he loved, and from which he sought wisdom to help him in the many difficult duties he had to perform.

I am glad you have this picture. I hope you keep every one of your papers laid away safely after you have read them. Years hence it will be very pleasant for you to look at them. And I think that this picture will always be one of the greatest interest to you. It will recall the many facts about our President which have so much endeared him to the people,—his honesty, his patriotism, and his steadfastness in the right; and if it shall also recall our sudden grief when we heard that the hand of a murderer had taken his life, and the sad days which followed, it will at the same time remind you of his humble trust in that God who can make "all things work together for good" to them that love him.

President Lincoln is dead. But he still lives in the memory both of old and young, as one whom we all loved and trusted. He lives in our memories as the noble-hearted man, the friend and helper of the oppressed and poor, the affectionate father, and the

P. V.

MAY DAY AT WATERTOWN.

Do you remember the beautiful basket of flowers and fruit of which we gave you a picture in the Child at Home for July, 1864?

What was the fruit? Peaches? No. Apples? No. Oranges? No.

It was "greenbacks." Have you forgotten? It was a May-day present from the Phillips Sabbath school, Watertown, Mass., to the American Tract Society. We couldn't eat the fruit, but we used it, according to the wishes of the givers.

May-day has come and gone again. The Watertown Sabbath school did not forget the American Tract Society. Rev. Mr. Warren, one of the Secretaries, was invited to go out there on that day. He found a happy company gathered, and was warmly welcomed. The school marched about the hall, singing joyously, and waving the flag they carried. Mr. W. was requested to take his place beneath an arch wreathed with flowers, and then the children approached him. At their head, dressed in the stars and stripes, was a young girl who not long since was a slave. In her hand she carried a beautiful cornucopia, or "horn of plenty," and this, with the May-flowers it contained, she presented to the Secretary as the gift of the school for the benefit of the freedmen.

The "May-flowers" were thirty-one dollars in United-States currency.

Don't you think that was a good way to spend May-day? and did not the Watertown Sabbath school go "a Maying" quite successfully? A pleasant gathering about the tables, on which a bountiful collation was spread, followed this presentation.

We think that Sabbath school did well. So, also, have many other Sabbath schools, that have sent us contributions for a similar purpose. We thank them all for their interest in our work. And we know of a great many bright eyes, in faces of darker hue than those of these willing givers, that will grow brighter when they hear of their works of love.

For the Child at Home.

"CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL."

At night-fall, yesterday, I watched a young mother as she was singing her little one to sleep with these words:

"I'm trying to climb up Zion's hill,
For the Saviour whispers 'Love me;'
Though all beneath is dark as death,
Yet the stars are bright above me.
Then upward still to Zion's hill,
To the land of joy and beauty;
My path before shines more and more,
As it nears the golden city."

Suddenly the child spoke: "Mamma, where is the golden city?"

"It is heaven, dear."

"Is Zion's hill up there?" again she asked, with her large blue eyes turned upward.

"Listen, dear; we are on Zion's hill here when we love Jesus, and cherish pure, holy thoughts, driving away all evil ones. When you are good, and obey Jesus and mamma, then you are climbing the holy hill, and Jesus helps you up; so that it is not so very difficult even for your little feet."

"Does he reach down, mamma, way down to me?" and the child looked more thoughtful.

"Yes, dear. Christ reaches down to help the very least one up to him, when they themselves try to climb."

"Am I trying now to climb, mamma?"

"I hope so, darling. I think you are; but when you are naughty as you were this morning, you do not climb. It is only when you love Jesus that you love to climb to where he is. At other times you fall back, and then all the steps must be taken again. We can not climb when we are sinful."

"Oh, mamma! I wish I *could* climb up *always*, and never, never fall back; won't you help me, mamma?"

"Mamma wishes she could keep on too, and never lose an onward step; we will help each other, darling, and Jesus will help us both."

"So he will. How I love him!" murmured the child.

Then, in low music tones, they sang together until sleep came to the younger pilgrim, and the mother's voice changed to a low, hushing sound, as she laid the golden head upon its pillow. Still the thought lingered with me: If parents were more earnest climbers up Zion's hill, would they not lead the little ones earlier in life to Him who hath said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

H. K. P.

For the Child at Home.

"I NEVER COULD LEARN TO SWEAR."

Noble, brave soldier-boy! He had been three whole years in the Army of the Potomac. He had been in nearly every battle which that army had ever fought; and nearly every comrade had fallen, or been disabled in some way, who first went with him to Fortress Monroe.

Do any of the dear boys who read this paper believe that Orin was a coward? Some boys who will not swear, or drink rum, or whiskey, or use tobacco, are called *cowards* by those who do these things. It may be that this brave soldier has been called a coward; but what sort of soldiers do you think those were who called him so?

When others all around him were taking the name of God in vain, he remembered that the dear Saviour whose name they thus used was he who alone could save them from eternal ruin; and when a ball entered the heart of one at his side and sent him to his last home, and one, at his other side, was made a cripple for life, he was left unharmed. The dear friend whose name he would not take in vain watched over and guarded him, and would not let the deadly balls touch him.

Do you wonder that when his three years were expired and he came to his home, we made a nice party for him, and gave him a beautiful watch, besides saying many things in his praise?

He very modestly replied to all these things, thanking us especially for the very nice watch, which he said he "hoped would beat his time when he should enter Richmond." He said he could only spend a few days with us where he had lived and played in his childhood, and then he must go again and fight until this dreadful Rebellion was put down.

My dear children, this unfinished story of the brave soldier has been lying quietly in my portfolio for months, instead of being sent to the "Child at Home;" and our armies have entered Richmond, and done many other brave things. You will wish to know what became of the brave and gallant officer who said to the one that is writing this story, "*I never could learn to swear.*"

Your heart will ache, as well as mine, when I tell you that in one of those dreadful battles before Petersburg, he found, after fighting desperately, that he and the men whom he commanded were entirely surrounded by the rebels. They told him to surrender: that is, to give them his gun and his sword, and be carried off a prisoner, to suffer, and, it might be, to starve, in a very dirty and wretched place. But he had always said that he would never yield himself a prisoner to the wicked rebels, and he bravely told them he would never do it.

And now, dear children, what do you think they did to our brave young friend? They shot him through the heart!

The news came flying North to that good moth-

er, who had wished that she had another son to give to her country, that her beloved boy was dead.

He could not enter Richmond, a thing he had so much desired; but we could not help thinking of the words of that beautiful patriotic song, —

"But though my body moulder, boys,
My spirit will be free;
And every comrade's honor, boys,
Will still be dear to me.
There, in the thick and bloody fight,
Ne'er let your ardor lag,
For I'll be there, still hovering near,
Above the dear old flag.
So wrap the flag around me, boys;
To die were far more sweet,
With Freedom's starry emblem, boys,
To be my winding sheet."

Do you think, dear boys, that those are cowards who will not swear?

How many such noble young men have fallen in the dreadful war which we hope is now over; and how many have been made cripples for life! If you ever see one of them in the streets who has lost an arm or a leg, take off your hat, speak kindly and tenderly to him, for he has helped to make your country free. And oh! never forget that those are true cowards who take the name of God in vain, and who have not courage to say No, when urged to use tobacco or whiskey, or do any thing else which they know to be wrong.

F. D. H.



For the Child at Home.

ANCIENT ARTILLERY.

Here are no cannon, and nothing like the "artillery company" that has so often paraded in the streets of your city or town.

That is true; but if you will look in your dictionary you will find that one of the first definitions given of "artillery" is, "any kind of offensive weapons of war;" and that, you know, may be something besides great guns. Read the story in the Bible of David and Jonathan. When Jonathan went out into the field to meet David, taking his bow and arrows, and a boy as a servant, he sent the boy to pick up the arrow that he had shot from the bow, and then he "gave his artillery to his lad."

You see that a bow and arrows may be called artillery. This picture shows another kind of weapons of war. It is called a *catapult*, from two Greek

words, one meaning a target, and the other to throw or drive. This weapon was used to throw large stones from towers or walls upon an enemy. The artillery-men are about throwing a stone upon the approaching army.

We find in 2 Chronicles, xxvi. 15, an account of what King Uzziah did for the defense of his city: "And he made in Jerusalem engines, invented by cunning men, to be on the towers and upon the bulwarks, to shoot arrows and great stones withal. And his name spread far abroad; for he was marvelously helped till he was strong."

The cannon, and mortars, and firearms of other kinds that have been invented in later times, and are now used in war, are much more destructive to human life than those ancient weapons. Men have been growing wiser in providing the means for carrying on war, as well as in the invention of things that are of use and value in time of peace.

Let us all pray that the day may soon come for our dear land, when there shall be no need to use these weapons of death of which we have seen so much of late, and when we all may rejoice in the blessings of a righteous peace.

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT LITTLE CARRIE.

Little Carrie is a round-faced, dark-eyed darling, just four years old. One clear, bright Sunday morning, she asked to go to infant school with her brother, who is a little older. Her mamma at first would not consent, for she thought the "girlie" (that's what Carrie calls herself) was too young, and would not sit still, and might disturb the other little ones.

You see, this was away back, nearly half a year ago; and when any body is just four years old, half a year makes quite a difference. But the girlie promised with such an earnest face to be "very good indeed," that her mamma at last tucked her up in her warm little sack and fur, and taking brother Nattie's hand, off they started, a very happy little pair.

Carrie kept her word. She was a very good girl, and was so pleased with every thing, and most of all the hymns, that she often went again.

Always during the week, when she was playing with her toys, she sang these hymns to dolly as well as she could, and was very sorry that dolly couldn't help her to sing, for "they are so pretty, dear," she would say.

One day, just when the warm spring sunshine was beginning to melt away the snow, the girlie came to her mamma, and said, "I so tired; please rock me." Her mamma took her on her lap, and found that the little cheek was almost too rosy. Her hands were hot, and she breathed very quick and short, and soon fell asleep on her mamma's breast.

The doctor was sent for, and as soon as he saw Carrie he said, "She has diphtheria, and is very ill." This is a long word, children, and it means a very dreadful disease that has taken many little children from their homes here to their home in heaven. Carrie's mamma knew this, and she loved her girlie so tenderly that she could not bear to think of parting with her, even to give her to her Saviour. The tears rolled down her face as she bent over the little sleeper, praying to the good God, if it seemed right in his sight, to spare her darling.

Just then, Carrie opened her soft, dark eyes and said, thoughtfully, "Mamma, what does 'dipfer' mean?" for she had heard what the doctor said, although he did not know it. "Does it mean that I will die?"

"It may be so, my dear," said her poor mamma, "but I hope not, if you will take your medicine."

"But, mamma, what makes you cry? Don't

THE WAY TO HEAVEN

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way."

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.

1. Je - sus, help me! I have striv - en All this long and wea - ry day, Seek - ing for the
Quick I turn, but, lo, be - fore me Tur - bid wa - ters dark - ly flow; Now the gloom is

path to heaven—Strait and narrow 'tis, they say. Broad and flowery roads beside me Open, and I
creep-ing o'er me, Help me, Je-sus, in my woe!

rush a - long, Till some troub-le sore be - tide me, Then I know the way is wrong.

D.C.

2. Little pilgrim, I will guide thee;
Give me now thy trembling hand;
With my presence close beside thee,
Thou shalt reach the wished-for land.
I can span that cruel river,
With a new and living way;

I can weeping souls deliver,
Whom God's broken law would slay.
See this cross, all pierced and gory,
When my life for thine was given;
O'er this lies the path to glory;
'Tis the narrow way to heaven

you know to die means going to be an angel, to stand before my Saviour? Don't you know 'I never shall be weary, nor ever feel a fear; nor ever know a sorrow, nor ever shed a tear?' My throat won't ache any more then, mamma; I should like to die if God will take me." As she said all this, in her lisping, baby voice, such a bright, sunny smile played over her sweet face that it lighted up even her mamma's sad heart.

She thanked God that he had taught her a new faith by the mouth of "one of these little ones." She kissed her precious little teacher, and felt from that moment as if she could willingly trust her darling to the Saviour who had said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," even if he took her to "stand before him" in heaven.

You see, dear children, the little hymn you have all sung so often, "I want to be an angel," had taught little Carrie to love that Saviour and his home. It taught her to be willing to die, and taught her dear mamma how to give her up.

Don't you think this was a great deal for one little infant-school hymn to teach? I think the reason she learned so much must be that she thought in her heart about the words while she sang them, and the Holy Spirit helped her to understand them; for you know she was such a tiny girl, and did not go a very long time to infant school. Don't you all think it would be the best way to think about the sweet words of your hymns while you sing, if they can teach you *how to die*? A great many very wise men do not know this, and still God is willing to teach you all, as he taught little Carrie, by an infant-school hymn.

The blessed Saviour did not take her from her mother. He made her well; and if you should ever meet a little girl with a face and a voice both almost as sweet as an angel's, singing, "I never shall be weary," you may ask her if her name is little Carrie.

Aunt Emma.

For the Child at Home.

THE TWO LAMBS.

They are of marble, finely carved; and they lie upon the top of a little tombstone in the beautiful cemetery, "Greenwood."

I came suddenly upon them as I was walking there, and they attracted and pleased me. There was something significant in their posture, — the one resting its gentle head lovingly on the neck of the

other; and as I read upon the tablet below the names of two little children early called by the good Shepherd to his eternal fold, it was sweet to think that the two marble lambs so fondly reclining together were but the emblems of the warm-hearted, loving sisters who lay sleeping beneath the sod.

It is so pleasant to love each other; to go skipping up and down the room, or along the garden-path with the little arms about each other's necks, and the little faces close together.

I feel as if I were already in Paradise, when I see the little children kind and gentle and lamb-like, which is Christ-like.

I want you all to practice such loving dispositions and tempers towards each other, that, if you were to die in your childhood, the figure of a little lamb upon your gravestone would be a truthful emblem of your gentle nature. Will you try, dear children, to be God's precious lambs?

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

SELFISHNESS.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



KATIE was not a very good little girl; she often teased her brother in many ways. It made her mamma very sad to think her little daughter was so naughty. One day Charlie had a nice book given him by his kind papa. When Katie saw its red covers and pretty pictures she wanted it very much: snatching it from Charlie's hand she ran away to her own room to look at it; but she did not enjoy the book, because she had been so unkind to her gentle brother.

By and by she felt so unhappy that she could not help crying, and very soon she carried the book back to Charlie and asked him to forgive her. Now Charlie loved Jesus, so he very willingly forgave his sister. Then they kissed each other and played merrily together for a long time.

When Katie prayed that night, she asked Jesus to make her a Christian like Charlie, and help her to be a good girl all the time; and she felt that he would answer her prayer. I hope you all will try, as Katie did, with Jesus' help, to overcome your selfishness.

A. M. C.

THE TRUE FRIEND.

As I was sitting in the house of God, a few Sabbaths since, waiting for the services to commence, I had a peep into the character of a little girl, well-dressed outwardly, but not clothed, I'm afraid, with a "meek and quiet spirit," or a kind heart. Had I not witnessed her conduct with my own eyes, could scarcely have believed any little girl would have been so naughty. But I hope it will be the last time she will ever allow the love of fun to lead her away from the path of charity, which "thinketh no evil," especially in the place where the All-seeing eye notices every action, as well as secret motive, of the heart.

A feeble-looking, plainly-dressed child had come to church to hear and not be seen; while in the pew behind her, sat two cousins, sporting their showily trimmed hats for the first time this winter. They exchanged smiles as the poor girl came in and modestly took her seat; but when, in a few minutes, she turned to look at the singers, Jane, the elder of the two cousins, began to laugh immoderately.

With a face covered with blushes, the child turned away, doubtless wondering what could be so amusing in her appearance. Presently I noticed Louisa, Jane's cousin, stand up, and bending over her friend, whisper something. I soon saw what was the trouble. The lace frill in the child's bonnet was ragged, and had fallen down over her hair, giving her a very untidy appearance; but Louisa took from her pocket a pencil, and with her slender fingers, gently tucked it back, so as to keep it in its place, at least for a while. The girl thanked her, and then took up a hymn-book to read till the minister should come in. But Jane could not resist the temptation to make fun of little Mary, and, telling her Louisa had not fixed it right, offered to make some improvements; when, to my utter surprise, she pulled the frill out again as it was before, and pretended she had arranged it much better than Louisa had. A second time Louisa fixed it properly, and a second time Jane disarranged it. I could scarcely sit still any longer, and should have gone to the rescue, had not Louisa again showed herself *the true friend*.

But I shall never forget the expression of Jane's face as she persisted in her unjust course. It revealed to me her unamiable character; and if this account meets her eye, as I think it will, may she feel she has been justly condemned, and forthwith seek the forgiveness of that little friend for her unkind and improper treatment, especially in so sacred a place!

Much as she injured the tender feelings of another, Jane's own soul received the deeper wound. May it be the last time she shall dishonor her Saviour "in the house of his friends," and be so forgetful of the Golden Rule!

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PARLEY THE PORTER, AND MR. FLATTERWELL.

HAVE you read Hannah More's beautiful story of "Parley the Porter"? It is too long to give you here; but I can tell you something about it, and perhaps you will understand what it is meant to teach.

A rich and good man had a fine large castle, situated in the midst of a great wilderness, but inclosed in a garden. There was a band of robbers in the wilderness, who would have been glad to plunder and destroy the castle, but who had never succeeded, because the good man's servants, who were many, had always followed his orders, to "watch without ceasing." To make them the more careful, he had told them that their care would soon have an end, and they should enjoy a delightful rest.

One day, as he was about going from home, he called his servants together, and gave them particu-

lar directions about their duties in his absence. He specially charged them to watch against the robbers, saying that it would be impossible for any foes from *without* to enter the castle, as long as there were no traitors *within*. He directed them, also, often to consult his Book of Laws.

Parley, who was the porter, and kept the door, promised, like the others, to be very watchful and faithful. For a time, all went well; but at length Parley began to peep through the hedge that inclosed the garden, and one day he spied a very well-dressed man passing near to him. It was Mr. Flatterwell, a man "whose words were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart." He spoke so politely to Parley, that he put him entirely off his guard; for Parley had no notion that this soft and civil man could be one of those terrible robbers.

By degrees, Mr. Flatterwell persuaded him to consent to let him come into the garden at night

and make a friendly call, only asking to be permitted to stand under the castle window. As the hour drew near, Parley thought of his master's orders; and, to divert his mind, he opened the Book of Laws. He happened to open it at the words, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." For a moment, his heart failed him; but soon he remembered that Mr. Flatterwell had promised to tell him something greatly to his advantage, and he stopped his ears to the voice of conscience.

Mr. Flatterwell came at the appointed hour, through the hole in the hedge which Parley had made for him, and stood beneath the castle window. Soon, by his pleasing words, he prevailed upon Parley to come down to the door, and open the upper half of it. Then he induced Parley to drink of a delicious liquor that he carried with him in a bottle, and then the foolish porter was in his power.

"Will you now let me in?" said Flatterwell.

"Ay, that I will," said the deluded Parley, and eagerly pulled down the bars, drew back the bolts, and forced open the locks, thinking he could never let his friend in soon enough. He had just presence of mind to say, "My dear friend, I hope you are alone." Flatterwell swore he was. Parley opened the door, and in rushed, not Flatterwell only, but the whole gang of robbers, while Flatterwell changed his soft tone, crying out in a voice of thunder, "Down with the castle! kill, burn, and destroy!"

Poor Parley was the first to suffer. As he fell, covered with wounds, he cried, "O my master, I die a victim to my unbelief in thee, and to my own vanity and imprudence! Oh that the guardians of all other castles would hear me with my dying breath repeat my master's admonition, that *all attacks from without will not destroy, unless there is some confederate within!* Oh that the keepers of all other castles would learn from my ruin, that he who parleys with temptation is already undone!"

Dear young reader, *your heart is your castle.* Will you learn the lesson of the story of Parley the porter, and Mr. Flatterwell?

For the Child at Home.

OUR VISIT TO DUCK ISLAND.

Who, among all my little readers, remembers a promise made long ago, that some time I would tell you all about our visit to Duck Island, and how we came near being shipwrecked? If you've not quite forgotten it, you shall now hear all about it.

Now, you must know that Roy and I are making a collection of all kinds of curious things, — water-worn pebbles and shells of every hue, mosses, seaweeds, pale sea-flowers, and all manner of strange things, which the great heaving ocean leaves on the sands for us.

One hot August day, a little boat came sailing out of the blue mist off by our lighthouse, and, mooring at our little wharf, its master, who is a

great friend of Roy, gave him a handful of snowy shells, and some queer pebbles with many lines called agates, which he had brought from Duck Island. Straightway Roy was in a fever of impatience to set sail for the wonderful island, wrapped in its screen of mist. His vivid little fancy pictured wonderful treasures waiting for us on its white sands, in the shape of golden weeds and beautiful pebbles. However, it was quite impossible for us to go at present. But Roy, like most little boys (and girls too), sadly needed to learn the great lesson of patience. It is a very hard task, as all of you will some day find; and Roy, who had hardly learned its first principles, fretted somewhat, till his mother's reproof silenced him, and made him conscious of its wrong. Then he tried to be patient, and was quite silent upon the subject; only he had a certain way of looking longingly across the water, and then at me, as if it were very hard to wait.

But one beautiful morning saw James, the gardener, Roy, and I, afloat on the blue waves, bound for Duck Island, with a wide ocean vista before us, flecked with sails and shadows from the clouds. Our voyage did not end until the sun was high up in the sky. Then we stepped out on the white sands, and eager Roy ran off directly. It was a low, shrubless island, without any shelter, not even a hut for the clam-diggers; but the treasures for which we were searching were there in abundance, — whole handfuls of snowy shells cast up by the waves, some faintly tinged with pink, and others amber-tipped, and mottled all over with shades of brown.

And what merry times we had searching for agates! — agates marked all over with drops of yellow and crimson and blue; some with wavy, zigzag lines, so fine and beautiful that at first we could hardly perceive them; and others with yellow tints like rays of liquid sunshine; and, again, one or two in whose clear depths was a bit of purple moss imprisoned in its transparent casket, or a tiny shell as perfect as when it lay on the sandy beach. And when our baskets were filled, and we sat down to look at our treasures, how could our thoughts but turn to Him whose mighty hand had wrought such wonders of beauty in pebble and shell? God might have made each little shell without its beautiful tints, and had its little inhabitant none the less perfect; but the color and beauty, are they not for our eyes? And so with the fleecy clouds, the dancing waves, the shimmering vista of sky and water that lay before us; whose hand but His had wrought so sweetly for us?

After a lunch, we started for home. Who would have thought a little cloud, low down in the west, could have risen and shrouded the whole heavens before we were half across the wide stretch between us and home? But it did; and soon the storm burst on us in all its fury, the rain poured down and drenched us; the sails were torn; and we were in great danger. The land was almost hidden by long, trailing, black clouds, flying swiftly before the wind; and frightened little Roy clung tightly to my wet dress.

But, wet and trembling, we at last reached land in safety, very thankful for God's watchful care over us.

G. G.

For the Child at Home.

"FEAR'ST YOU DON'T!"

Charlie began to go to church when he was a very little boy, and soon learned to sit quite still in God's house, so as not to disturb those who went there to worship him. He was the minister's little son; and his father used to take him on his knee when he returned from church, and ask him if he could remember the text, or any thing he had said; and so Charlie learned that the sermons were for him too, and tried to listen and understand a little.

One Sunday, when he was three or four years old, his father said, "You were rather restless to-day, Charlie: I do not think you know what the text was." — "Oh, yes, I do, papa! It was, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Fear'st you don't!'"

You see he said the text quite correctly, except that he added a little to it. If you look in the last chapter of St. John's Gospel, you will find that Jesus asked Simon Peter this question, "Lovest thou me?" three times; but he did not say, "Fear'st you don't!" Charlie thought he meant that. Perhaps the minister spoke as if he feared some of his people did not love Jesus; or perhaps Charlie had a little doubt whether he did himself, and so added, "Fear'st you don't!"

M. E. A.

For the Child at Home.

SOMETHING ABOUT BEES.

Many of my young friends have watched with interest a hive of bees, and seen the busy family at work. Bees are of three kinds: females, or queen-bees; males, or drones; and workers. These have nearly the same color, but differ in size, form, and occupation. A well-peopled hive consists of one queen, who reigns supreme, several hundred drones, and many thousand workers.



The Queen Bee.

The body of the queen bee is longer and more tapering than that of the other bees, of a livelier shade of color, and tinged with yellow on the under side. Her wings are short, her movements slow and majestic as becomes a queen; and, wherever she goes, she is accompanied by a little body-guard of workers. This service is taken in turn, and never neglected; and she receives every mark of attention and respect which human beings can give to a beloved monarch.



The Queen receiving homage.

The male bee, or drone, so called, as some think, from the peculiar noise he makes when on the wing, is much larger than the worker, and thicker in proportion. The drones are the fathers of the family; but the work for the family is not done by them. From this fact the drone has been called an idler, a useless member of the bee family; and so far has this injustice been done to the little insect, that we apply the word "drone" to all idlers who live in luxurious ease at the expense of others.



The Drone.

But the drone does not work simply because he *can not* work. He has no tongue suitable for gathering honey, no baskets for carrying food, and no tools for wax-making. Shall he be censured for not using those things which he does not possess, — for not performing labors he was never intended to perform? All animals, man himself included, are fitted for the work which God intended them to perform, and no more. Thus, in the hive, the queen is especially adapted for her office; the worker has at command all the tools needed for her many labors; and the drone is no less perfectly fitted for his peculiar sphere.

Workers constitute the principal population of the hive; there being often as many as twenty thousand, or even more, in a single community. From the worker the bee-character has always been painted, loyal, laborious, patient, and skillful.



The Worker.

The body of the worker is about half an inch in length, one-sixth of an inch in its greatest breadth, and oblong in shape. The middle portions of the hind legs are hollowed into triangular cavities, or baskets. In these curiously formed baskets the bee carries its load safely to the hive. Besides the stomach proper, the bee has what may be called a honey-bottle, consisting of a little bag, pointed in front, and used simply for keeping honey while it is being gathered and carried to the hive.

Nothing can interest one who would study the habits of the bee more than the life and labors of the workers. Their skill, ingenuity, and industry surprise and delight us. And as we continue the study of these little insects, that are among the smallest of the works of God, we shall find continual cause for wonder and admiration.

P. V.

For the Child at Home.

"THE LITTLE DAGGER."

This is what "Hugo's" child, in Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith's beautiful Christmas Legend of "The Lost Angel," calls a needle.

Little Mary was what in many countries they speak of as an "innocent." It means a person whose reasoning powers do not mature as the body grows; but the mind remains as the mind of a simple child, though the body develops day by day.

Dame Margery wanted her young charge to be a diligent, thrifty housewife; and, showing her some of her dead mother's handiwork, she said, "Come here, and let me teach thee to sew, child, or thou wilt be but an idle minion."

The little girl took the vail into her hands, and looked curiously at the small stitches, even, side by side, like long rows of shiny teeth; and, holding it up, she cried, "Are all our garments made in this way?"

"All," said the dame; "just so many stitches. Thy lady-mother made this pretty robe with her own dear hands."

The child lifted the garment upward, and kissed the little points which showed where her mother's fingers had touched it.

"Did my mother sit all day boring little holes into cloth this way?" asked she sorrowfully.

"Often; and she made garments for the poor, which she carried, with her own hands, giving them bread and wine, and her own sweet smile."

"Did she give to 'Bertrand of the Well?'" asked Mary.

"Often and often; for Bertrand was but an idle boy; and she would say, 'We must do good to those who can do no good to themselves, blessing God who has taught us to think and to do.'"

"Ay, this little dagger of thine, Dame Margery, is but a teasing thing. Must I learn to call it a needle? and use it? and sit mewed up all the bright days? Nay, nay, good Margery;" and she ran out laughing, with her long hair floating and undulating behind her.

I am afraid there is many a little girl, to whom God has given perfect reasoning powers, yet who regards the "little dagger," as "Innocent Mary" did, as "but a teasing thing."

But when we remember the poor, shivering bodies that are waiting for nimble fingers to cover them, I think we shall be glad to learn the use of the needle, and to sit "mewed up," "boring little holes in cloth."

That little dagger is a wondrous implement! Perhaps you do not know that the fine, delicate

needle with which you make your pretty clothing, has to pass through the hands of nearly one hundred workmen before it is perfected.

At first there is but a coil of steel wire; but it is cut and pointed and grooved and eyed and tempered and polished and drilled and subjected to a great many processes, that it would be profitable for you to see.

I should like to take you to "Redditch," or to some of the other places in England where they make millions of these little daggers, and have you watch the steel coil until it was changed into such quantities of glittering pointed things. Or we would go to the Continent, to "Aix la Chapelle," or "Borcette," and see what they do there in the way of needle-making; though it is said the English excel in this manufacture. In very early times, needles or bodkins of bone or ivory were used and in the ancient Egyptian tombs some have been found made of bronze (that, you know, is a mixture of copper and tin). Steel needles were first introduced into England from Spain, in the time of Queen Elizabeth; but the art of making them was kept secret until some years afterward. And now we have great quantities imported from Victoria's dominions every year.

It costs men their lives to point these little daggers for us. The fine steel dust that flies from them, as they apply them to the grindstone, gets into their lungs, and gives them what is called "grinders' asthma;" and they never grow to be old men. Is it not a pity that the things so necessary to our use bring such suffering and toil to those who produce them? You know how this comes about? It is because we have sinned.

How many of the little girls who read what I have written for them here will think of it all when they take up the shining implement? And how many of them will use it in making garments for the poor, so that grateful hands will lift up the nice, warm articles to inspect them; and grateful lips will kiss the tiny points that show where dear little fingers have touched? Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

ON THE SHORE.

Nellie Lee ran to meet her brothers when she saw them coming up from the beach, bringing a large basket of fish between them. "Here we are, Nellie," said George, "safe and sound from our fishing-trip. We started long before you was awake this morning, — Capt. James and Mr. Felton, and Frank and I."

"Yes: I found you and Frank were gone when I went down to breakfast; and mother said you went to the beach to launch the boat very early. But what have you caught? Come, tell me all about it."

"Let's get a little farther, to that tree, where we can rest a little. Come, Frank, hold on! Don't forget that big cod we have here for to-morrow's dinner."

"I'll keep up my side, George. Didn't he pull, though, before we got him in? Here we are. Now we'll sit in the shade. Go ahead, George; and I'll help you out, if you can't tell the story straight to Nellie."

"Well, we started about two hours before sunrise, and had a fine sail out about four miles from the shore. We saw two or three pretty birds, Nellie, that flew along close to the water, — 'Mother Carey's chickens,' Capt. James said they were."

"'Stormy petrels,' they are called in books," interrupted Frank.

"They touched the water with their feet once in a while," continued George, "and sometimes seemed almost to run on it. When we reached the fishing-ground, we anchored, and furled the sails. Then we went at it. Frank caught the first."

"But you had a bite before me, George."

"Well, Frank brought the first fish into the boat. It was a haddock. Show him, Frank."

The haddock was held up for Nellie's benefit, and she expressed her satisfaction.

"Then Capt. James caught a haddock, and then I caught this nice little rock-cod. See what a nice color he has! He's a real red coat."

"Yes: it's a little beauty," said Nellie. "Why do you call it a rock-cod?"



Capt. James says it's because these fish stay about the rocks. You can't catch them where you find a muddy or soft bottom. Then Mr. Felton caught an 'Old-England hake,' a fish that the captain said wasn't worth much; though I thought he was good-looking enough. After that, we did well with haddock; and Capt. James caught two or three cod. Once he said he had hooked a halibut. That made us all wide awake; for you know, Nellie, a halibut is a giant fish: but, after a few minutes, the halibut broke the line, and went off with part of it and the hook. Just before we were ready to come in, Frank had a big bite. The fish pulled so hard, that I took hold with him; and together we got into the boat the largest cod that was caught. Let's see him, Frank."

Frank removed the sea-weed, exposing a fine large codfish to Nellie's admiring gaze; and just then their father, who had come out from the house, joined them.

"Boys, you've done well," said he in his pleasant way; "got a basketful, and had a good time, I hope."

"Oh, yes!" answered both: "we always have a good time here, father, every summer," added Frank.

"We come here for rest and recreation," said Mr. Lee; "and I want you all to be happy, and, at the same time, to be learning something every day. Here is a lesson for you in these fish. They were made for our use; but they were made to enjoy life while they live. See how perfectly adapted they are to the element from which you have taken them! Notice the form, fins, and smooth surface, so admirably calculated for gliding through the water; the eyes for seeing, and the gills for breathing under water. Think, too, what variety is found among the finny tribes. You have caught three kinds of fish this morning. The number of living species of

fish is said to be ten thousand, of which more than six thousand have been described by those who have studied the subject.

"And who, my children, is the Maker of them all? Who fitted them so perfectly for their home in the sea, remembering and providing for all their wants? The good and wise God. See, now, what an interesting subject for thought and conversation your basket of fish affords. Perhaps we will talk more about it when we sit together this evening."

And, as their father passed on, Frank and George lifted up the basket again, and went along to the house with it, chatting pleasantly with Nellie about their voyage. Victor.

For the Child at Home.

A MOHAMMEDAN THANKSGIVING.

One afternoon, when school did not keep, Maud Hamilton obtained leave from her mamma to invite some of her schoolmates to spend the afternoon with her. The little girls played a long time very happily, until at last they became weary.

Then Maud proposed that they should go into the house, and ask Aunt Annie to tell them a story: so away they all scampered to find Aunt Annie.

She was sitting in the library, reading; but she laid aside her book as the merry troop came running in, crying, "A story! a story!" and quietly inquired what the story should be about. Some wanted that it should be about one thing, and some about another; but at last Lucie Lathrop said, "Mamma told me that you had been to Palestine, where the people of the Bible lived. I wish that you would

tell us a story of something which you have seen there." As this proposal met with general approbation, Aunt Annie thus began: "Once, while I was spending a few weeks with a missionary lady at Jaffa, I witnessed a thanksgiving-feast which was made for a little boy about five years old. The little fellow, whose name was Mohammed, was the only child of Arbigardardee, the gardener, and had just recovered from a severe fit of sickness, which had threatened his life. The parents were so thankful to have their little boy well again, that they invited many of their friends to come and rejoice with them. In the afternoon, before the guests arrived, a kid was killed. The natives always keep a 'fatted calf,' or kid, ready for such an occasion.

"Some large stones were placed in the middle of the yard for a range, and on these the kid was to be roasted. About sundown the people began to assemble. I think that you would be frightened to see such a wild-looking company. The men wore one coarse garment reaching to their knees, and this, with a wide, red leathern girdle around their waists, a red cap, and a large turban, completed their dress. The women wore only long, very scant dresses of blue, with large mantles of the same color over their heads. Their faces were entirely covered, except their eyes."

"What do they cover their faces for?" interrupted little Jennie Parks; "I should not think that they could breathe."

"It is a Mohammedan law," replied Aunt Annie, "that the women, after they are married, shall keep their faces from the sight of all men except their husbands, father, and brothers. They think that the breaking of this law is the worst sin that they can commit."

"The veil is made of quite thin materials, so that they can breathe, but it is very warm in summer."

"What foolish women! I wouldn't do so!" ex-



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THE TENDER SHEPHERD.

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!
Bless thy little lamb to-night!
Through the darkness be thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light!"

"What is 'tender Shepherd,' mamma?"

"A shepherd, little Alice, is one that takes care of sheep. In some countries there are men who do nothing every day, all the time, but keep watch over their sheep. In the morning they lead them out of the fold to the green pastures and by the pleasant streams. They protect them from all danger through the day, and at night lead them back to the fold again, and shut them up safely for the night."

"And they take care of the lambs too?"

"Yes, dear; and they are always very careful of them. Sometimes one gets lost. It wanders away

from its mother and from the rest of the flock. Then the shepherd goes in search of it. Perhaps he finds it fallen down, all tired out; perhaps it has tried to creep through some hedge, and been caught by the thorns. There the poor little thing lies, bleating in pain. But the kind shepherd comes. He gently draws back the thorny bushes, lifts the lamb in his arms, and carries it back to its mother; and how happy both of them are!"

"What do I call Jesus 'tender Shepherd' for, in my prayer, mamma?"

"Because he watches over all his dear ones as lovingly as a shepherd watches his flock, and a great deal more so than a shepherd can. He is always near those who love him, by day and by night. He never suffers any harm to come to them. If they are sick or in trouble, like the lamb caught in the thorns, he still watches them, and either gives them health and happiness again, or makes their pain

and sorrow a blessing, and at last lifts them up in his loving arms to the heavenly home, — his fold above. So we call Jesus 'the tender Shepherd.'"

"Am I his little lamb?"

"I hope so, dear. You are if you love him, and are trying to please him."

"I do love him, and I love my little prayer; but I haven't prayed the whole yet, mamma. May I now?"

"Yes, dear."

"All this day thy hand has led me;
And I thank thee for thy care:
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer."

"Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell."

"Now, mamma, please fix my pillow, and give me a kiss. Good-night, mamma."

"Good-night, little daughter."

For the Child at Home.

LOBSTER-LESSONS.

"Mother, one of this lobster's claws is a great deal larger than the other," called Harry from the kitchen, where he had gone to see the strange-looking creature unshelled. "I thought you said" — Harry hesitated, —

"Thought that order and symmetry marked the works of God," said Mrs. Harper, joining the children. "You are right; but our lobster has been fighting, and so lost one of his large, handsome claws. Don't you think it a proof of God's kind care for him, that, when he loses one, another will grow in its place?"

"Why, when we lose an arm, another does not grow!" exclaimed Harry in great surprise.

"No: it is only those creatures who are in constant danger of losing their members for whom this wonderful provision is made. Thus God shows his peculiar and tender care for all the works of his hand; providing for each just what they will be likely to need. Let me tell you the story of this lobster. At first he had not this hard shell, and had to hide himself in a little cleft of rock at the bottom of the sea. He did not seem to take any food; but in a few weeks he grew larger, and got his shell. Then, coming forth, he crept boldly along at the bottom of the ocean, and scratching up the sand with his claws, for worms, or surprising other prey, he led a luxurious life."

"Lobster life seems very pleasant for a lobster," said Harry.

"Yes: though not one free from danger. At times they are quite defenseless, and must seek safety in hiding, as at first. Our lobster continued to grow till his shell was too small. He had found plenty of food, and was strong and vigorous; but,

when summer came, he knew his danger; and finding a safe retreat, for a while, he lay torpid and motionless. Then he threw himself upon his back, trembling, and striking his claws together, and swelling till his shell parted and he escaped. Feeble and timid, he was fortunate to escape the dog-fish and cod; who would have considered him a dainty morsel; but, in two days, his skin grew nearly as hard as before, his appetite returned, and he could venture forth again."

"But about this little claw, mother?" asked Nellie.

"Clothed in his hard case, the lobster is a terror to others, but secure from all but those of his own kind. At some seasons of the year, it is said that they never meet without a contest; and to lose a leg, or even a claw, is no great calamity, for, while the victor feasts upon his spoils, the other has only to retreat till a new claw can grow. While this is small and tender he is put upon his good behavior, but, in three weeks, it is nearly as large and strong as the old one. If, however, instead of losing it, the claw is only diseased or mutilated, it is said that they can not recover it."

"What a beautiful red color he has!" said Nellie.

"Now that he has been boiled, but, when alive, he was of a greenish or brownish black. Truly this is a wonderful creature! but you have already learned that we can never study God's works without finding some fresh proof that his loving care notes the peculiar needs of the humblest of his creation. Can we, then, fear to trust him to provide for all our needs?"

A. A. D.

For the Child at Home.

THE YOUNG PREACHER.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength."

I once knew a little girl named Nancy West. She lived in a city not very far from Boston. She was a good little thing; seldom, if ever, disobeying her father or mother; and I have found that children that loved and obeyed their parents would always try to love and obey God. Nancy was very particular to say her prayers every night and morning; and I believe she really knew what prayer meant, even when she was quite a little child. She did not hurry through her prayers as though she was anxious to finish as soon as possible, and then jump into bed if it was night, or run about her play if it was morning, and think she had done all that was required of her. Slowly and reverently she repeated the prayers that had been taught her, and then added of her own accord, "And make me a good little girl, for Christ's sake."

When she was about six years old, her father went away on a journey, and Nancy was to sleep with her mother while he was away. This she had not done since she was a baby; and the idea of sleeping with her dear mother gave her much pleasure. The first night she awakened as her mother came into the room; but she lay very still, thinking she might interrupt her if she spoke. As Mrs. West turned the gas down low, and prepared to get into bed, Nancy opened her eyes wide in astonishment. Putting out her little hand, she exclaimed, "Why, ma, you have not said your prayers! You are not coming to bed without saying your prayers, are you, ma?" Mrs. West not making any answer, Nancy began to cry. She threw her arms around her mother's neck, and sobbed out, "Oh, ma, if you should die to-night, how ashamed you would be to have to tell God you went to bed without saying your prayers! Get right down on your knees, dear ma, and ask God to forgive you."

I have often heard Mrs. West tell this little story. "I acknowledge," she said, "that I had grown careless, and inattentive to my duties; and that some-

times, when wearied out with the cares and burdens of the day, I had allowed myself to go to bed without first asking God's blessing. But the sermon my innocent child preached me that night, and her sobs and tears, with her little arms thrown around me, I have never forgotten. If I am ever tempted to neglect my religious duties, that pleading voice sounds in my ears: 'Oh, ma, if you should die to-night, how ashamed you would be to have to tell God you went to bed without saying your prayers!' I have heard many eloquent sermons on prayer, but none ever came home to my heart with such touching force as that sorrowful appeal from my little daughter." Truly "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength."

E. A. J.



For the Child at Home.

WELCOME TO THE CONQUERORS.

You can understand this. It is the triumphant entry of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, with his army, into one of the cities which he had delivered from their enemies. He had commanded the army in person. You can judge of its character when you learn that on the morning before one of the greatest battles fought by those soldiers, when the mist which had concealed them floated away before the rising sun, they were seen kneeling in the ranks at their devotions. Then they sang Luther's hymn, beginning, "A tower of strength is our God," and another hymn composed by their king; and, thus prepared, they went into battle.

Does it not remind you of our noble army, which, for four years past, has stood up so manfully against rebellion, and, with God's help, has crushed it? For we have reason to believe that there has never been an army in which were more praying men, and from which, on the eve of battle, as well as at other times, more prayer has gone up from sincere hearts, than from the glorious army of the Union.

I think, too, that this welcome of King Gustavus Adolphus and his soldiers will remind you of the welcome home which our returning veterans have received. Never forget what you owe to these brave men. Let them see that boys and girls as well as men and women can understand the value of their work, and can feel grateful for it.

Nothing that the noble King of Sweden did,

made him more worthy of the place he occupied in the hearts of the people, than our heroic defenders of Liberty and Union are worthy of the gratitude and love of all who rejoice over a country saved.

P. V.

For the Child at Home.

MINNIE'S TWO GARDENS.

Minnie Wood lives in a large, noisy city, where the houses are nearly all of stone or brick, and the paved streets echo with the sound of stages and all kinds of carriages, from the fine barouche with its span of horses, to the little cart drawn by a poor dog, having a cruel boy for its master; but just in front of Minnie's home is a yard, a few feet square, which she calls her garden. In it there are bright-colored verbenas, a large snowball bush in the center, a trailing vine over the stoop, and tiny shoots peeping from the earth, promising gay flowers in the future.

Now, Minnie loves dearly to water the plants, dig around the bed, and pull up all the weeds; but there is one thing that troubles her: when her little hands are busily employed removing every thing that might prevent the growth of her favorites, she feels afraid that she may, by mistake, root up and throw away some precious plant; so she pauses in her work, thinking she will wait a while, and see if there are any flowers from the strange green leaves which almost hide some tiny blossom.

Perhaps, if one acquainted with plants should see her, they would be surprised that Minnie, with all her care, should have allowed such ugly weeds to grow so thriftily in a place where the smallest bit of earth is too valuable too lose.

But Minnie has another garden, very, very small; and yet there is room for many precious flowers to bloom, and throw their fragrance far beyond that of the first. From this little place she can give many choice blossoms to others, and yet have plenty left.

But she has to be even more careful here, that, at its first appearance, every thing evil shall be cast away; and has to seek more earnestly that the dews of heaven may descend upon each little plant, that it may flourish, and become fit to transplant to a more beautiful place.

What do you think is the name of this tiny garden? I will tell you: it is Minnie's own heart; and if she is very watchful, and prays that, for the sake of Christ, only sweet-scented flowers may bloom there, you may feel sure that her prayer be granted. The plants of love, obedience, contentment, and holiness, will yield a precious perfume; and the noxious weeds of sin will be rooted out, and she will be happy because she is good; and, when she leaves her earthly garden, she will take with her the fragrant plants of her heart-garden, never to fade, and never to die.

L.

For the Child at Home.

A BRAVE LAD.

A boy struck him. It was a hard blow upon the face, and the pain of it went farther than the spot upon which the blow fell. It reached way down to the lad's heart, and made the hot, proud blood leap quickly up to his temples.

The first impulse was to strike back again; but his home-teaching had been in accordance with the spirit of the gospel, and something restrained his arm. The lad's mother had been talking to him that very day about the forgiveness of injuries. She had told him how mistaken people are who return evil for evil, and who think it cowardly to take patiently what they call an insult; and she had pointed out to him the example of the King of kings, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered he threatened not, but

committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously."

Charlie remembered his mother's words, and her manner as she laid her gentle hand upon his head, and said, "Let me see my son brave enough, by God's help, to conquer his own spirit, and I shall not care if men do call him a coward."

This was the very thing he had to bear from his schoolmates as he choked back the rising anger, and allowed the boy who had struck him to steal away unpunished. "Coward!" "Coward!" rung through the play-ground; and many a finger was pointed at him in scorn as he issued from the gate, and, pressing his hand to his flushed forehead, went quietly toward home.

Most of the scholars had the same way to go; and as they were crossing the deepest part of a lake that had been frozen over all winter, and made their route shorter, they felt the ice bend beneath their tread, and suddenly one of their number fell through; and the rest, frightened, ran back to a safe place, — all but Charlie. He lay flat upon the glassy surface, and, stretching out his hand to the boy, held him up until a man who saw him from a distance came to help get him out of his perilous situation. So he saved a life.

Who, then, were the cowards? and who was the brave lad? Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

JAMIE MORTON'S RULE OF CONDUCT.

"How do you treat your playmates when they injure you?" inquired Miss Preston of the little boys in her Sunday-school class.

There was a pause, and nearly every scholar hung his head, as if afraid or ashamed to answer the question. Then Wilhe Parker, in whose pleasant eyes truth and frankness shone, said candidly, "I don't always treat them well; but I know I ought to." At this, Jamie Morton, who often came into the class wearing a cross face, which is usually the reflection of a sinful heart, cast a look of contempt at honest little Willie, and exclaimed with spirit, "If a boy pitches into me, I reckon he'll catch it, whether it's right or wrong."

Very likely those childish lips would have sought to strengthen the declaration with a round oath had he been outside the church, among his schoolmates. Miss Preston's heart ached as she listened; and a silent prayer went up to heaven, that the wayward boy, who so often pained her by his sinful words, might become a lamb of the Saviour's flock, and learn to exercise that patience and forgiveness toward his enemies which He manifested when wicked men crucified Him.

Now, perhaps people would not have accused Jamie of being a bad boy; very likely many of you would have said otherwise; for he could be polite and gentlemanly when he chose. He was generous, and sometimes kind; but too often he allowed his ill temper to gain the victory over his good qualities. Probably, when he gave such a cross answer, he had in remembrance some luckless playfellow who had wronged him, perhaps unintentionally. Poor little Jamie has not many friends, for the boys have hard work to keep upon the right side of his disposition, he is so apt to fancy that they are trying to injure him. If he ever offers up that sweet petition, beginning with, "Our Father which art in heaven," it must be carelessly, else he never could say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," and expect forgiveness at the hands of Him who does not heed the words which the lips utter, but readeth the heart.

Are there not many Jamies, among the dear children who meet each Sabbath to study the Holy Scriptures, who forget that to be angry with a schoolmate is to sin against God? We have military heroes who are worthy of our admiration; for they have done great and glorious deeds. Through their skill and valor, by God's blessing they have overcome the foe, and captured many Southern cities. Men everywhere, and justly, sing their praises. You may not all become military heroes: but God has said, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." Let each one, even the youngest among you, strive to be such a hero in the fight against this terrible foe within his own bosom, and, through strength given him from on high, he shall come off conqueror at last.

M. P. R.



For the Child at Home.

THE TELESCOPE.

Those of my young readers who live in Boston, or who may visit the city, if they will go to the Common on any clear night, will find a man there with a telescope; and for a small sum they will be permitted to take a look through it at the moon or the stars, or at the comet if one happens to be in sight. I have often seen boys and girls, with their parents, "taking turns" in peeping through the tube at the wonders which it reveals.

Would you like to know something about telescopes?

Once people looked at the stars and other distant objects with their eyes alone, unaided by any of these later inventions. It is only a little more than two hundred and fifty years since telescopes were used, although what we call magnifying-glasses were known some years earlier. It is believed that the first telescopes were made in the year 1608. In October of that year, Hans Lippersheim, a spectacle-maker in Middleburg, Holland, made a present to his government of three instruments with which "one could see things at a distance." Later in the same month, Jacob Adriansz, or Metins, of Alkmaar, Holland, made the government a similar present, claiming "that he had manufactured such instruments two years before."

In 1609, Galileo, the astronomer, made improve-

ments in the telescope, which greatly increased its value and power; and afterward, from year to year, men who loved the work continued to add to the discoveries of those who had gone before them. As you grow older, and study astronomy, the names of Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Herschel, and many others, will become familiar to you.

Herschel made a mammoth telescope in 1789. The tube was of sheet-iron, nearly forty feet long, and more than four feet in diameter. After fifty years it was taken down, near the end of the year 1839. On the New-Year's Eve which followed, Sir John Herschel and his family assembled in the tube of that telescope, and sang a hymn to commemorate the ending of its work. Since then, telescopes of great power have been made. One of the best is in the Observatory of Harvard College, at Cambridge.

Have you ever looked through a telescope? If not, I hope you may at some time enjoy that pleasure. We can hardly fail to be filled with wonder and admiration at the wisdom and power of the Creator, as, with such an aid, we contemplate the stars in the firmament; and we understand the feelings of the Psalmist when he exclaimed, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Victor

For the Child at Home.

THE GOLDEN CROWN.

Over the river, where loved ones wait,
Just as you enter the pearly gate,
There's a golden crown, my child,
Begemmed with jewels costly and rare,
Woven with tenderest love and care,
Purposely fashioned for you to wear,
If you win the prize, my child."

"Will gold buy this treasure, mother dear?
Ah! ne'er could I get enough, I fear:
Are you sure it is for me?
And who hath charge of this golden crown?
Do you think, mamma, they'd send it down?
And have they one, too, for Minnie Brown?"
Asked Nellie with childish glee.

"Gold can not buy it, my darling child:
Though far and wide it were upward piled
All valueless dross 'twould prove.

There's one for Minnie, Harry, and Bell;
And they who have charge o'er guard them well;
They can not send them, my little Nell;
These sentinels none can move."

"Then how can I win this prize, mamma,
Since above my reach 'tis placed so far
That the way seems very long?
Gold can not buy it; and, if it could,
Indeed it would do me little good;
For I can not have it if I would,
The guards are so stern and strong."

"Listen, my love, while I tell to you
The old, old story, yet ever new,
Of the golden crown above,
Guarded by angels, and kept for all, —
My Nellie, Minnie, and Uncle Paul, —
Without distinction, both great and small,
If they pay the price of love.

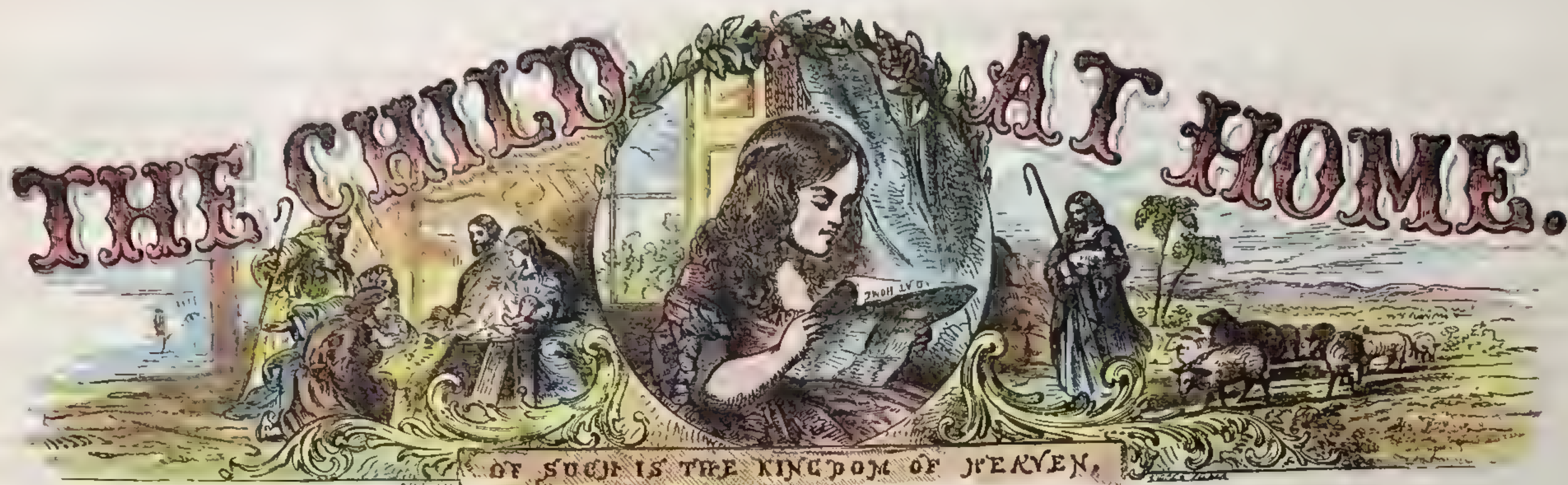
"True love and trust in the Saviour blest
Secure our pardon for sins confessed,
And bring sweetest blessings down;
Then if my child will patiently wait
Under the arch of the shining gate,
Pass she early, or never till late,
She will win the golden crown."

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

GEORGY SPRAGUE.

He came marching into Sunday school with a soldierly air, his cheeks ruddy with the frosty morning, and his eyes sparkling like diamonds. I could not help asking him, "What is your name?" "Georgy Sprague," said he.



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WASHING DAY.

HERE we are, Nellie, Bessie, and Ann. Here's Dolly too; and all this bustle is on her account. For, don't you see, it's washing-day, and "All for Dolly,"—so says Ann as she plunges her fat arms into the tub, and scrubs away, at the same time giving wise directions to her sisters about "putting out the clothes on the line." Dolly sits on the floor by the wash-bench, waiting very patiently for some of the clothes to be "done up," so that she can be fairly dressed.

Don't you wish you were there, little girl?

For the best of it is, these busy little laundresses are all good-natured. They're not fretting at all. Each is content with her part of the work; and that makes it a very happy company.

It isn't always so when little folks get together. I have seen something very different. Grace came in and found Sister Alice and Baby Charley having a

nice time on the floor, playing with her "Chinese puzzle." They were not harming it; for Alice is careful, and she watched Charley to see that he didn't break it; but Grace was very angry,—what a pity, when she has such a pretty name!—and she ran at them, and roughly snatched the puzzle away; and that made Charley cry, and Alice feel badly. Alice ought to have asked leave of Grace before she took the puzzle, it's true; but how much better it would have been if Grace had said, "I am afraid baby will break this, sister Alice; but, if you'll be very careful, you may keep it a while;" or if she had gently taken it away, and had started some pleasant little play in which all three of them could have joined!

Little boys and girls, there is a right way and a wrong way to play. Did you ever think of it? Try now, the next time you play, to remember that you can make your mates very happy by being kind and

unselfish. If you can read this, you are not too young to "play like a Christian."

For the Child at Home.

WHEN THE DARK COMES.

A little boy had been very willful, and had grieved his mother sadly. She loved him, and could not bear to punish him; so she tried in every way to make him obey her. But he would have his own way, and screamed so loudly, that people passing by looked up at the windows, thinking that some one was injuring a little child. At last a rod was tried, and that brought him to terms. Then his mother talked gently with him about his sin, and asked him, "When do you think you will be a good boy?"

"When the dark comes," replied little Harry with tearful eyes and pouting lips.

"When the dark comes," a great many children, who do not fear God in the daylight, think of him, and wish to please him, and to know that he is not angry with them. They are very brave while the sun shines, and their parents and friends are moving about. They can whoop and shout and play; sometimes they can quarrel, steal, and swear; but when the shadows fall, and they are alone in their beds, with no friend near them, they think of their sins, and are afraid of God. He comes down and talks with them in the silence to draw their hearts to him. Thus it is well, if they have sinned, to think of him, and seek his pardon, "when the dark comes," if they have not done so before.

Life is a long day which God has given us in which to prepare for the night of death. Many sing and sport and sin through all the long bright hours, promising, like little Harry, to repent and obey "when the dark comes." They waste the golden moments of youth, and keep for God's service the time of sickness and old age. This is mocking him, and such as do it are often cut off in their sins. They look forward to the days of darkness, when they can no longer enjoy sin, and promise them to God; but for them "the dark" never comes. Their sun goes down at noonday, and they must meet God as they are, all unprepared.

God calls the youth to remember him, and gives sweet promises to those who seek him early. Be wise, then, and turn to Him who loves you, while the sun is bright; for "the dark" may never come to you.

J. D. C.

For the Child at Home.

THE SECRET MARK

A young man who was engaged in a store was suspected of stealing,—taking money from the drawer, or putting money into his own pocket that he had received for goods sold. A trap was made to catch him. One of his employers went to a friend, and putting in his hand two bank-bills, upon each of which was a secret mark, requested him to go to the

store at a certain hour and purchase some article of the suspected clerk, and use that money in payment. The merchant had previously so arranged matters that this clerk should be alone in the store at that hour, and thus have an opportunity of committing the theft if so disposed.

His friend called, and made the purchase. The merchant came in, and, examining his cash-drawer, found that the money which he knew had been paid was not there. A police-officer was quietly called and the young man was summoned to a private room. Then, in the officer's presence, he was obliged to show all the money in his possession. Among it were the two bills bearing the secret mark. The culprit was confounded when he understood the overwhelming proof of his guilt, and at length confessed that for some time he had been pursuing this wicked course. But it was the secret mark that betrayed him.

I knew that young man. I pitied him for his fall; and I know that many prayers from many hearts were offered, that, from that time, he might become a changed and a better man. But I have told his story because I want to tell you of another mark.

Did you ever think that every sin has its secret mark, — a mark that is sure to betray the sinner? It is not always, nor indeed often, a mark made by another, as in this case, to detect a criminal; but it is made by the criminal himself. Sometimes it leads to his detection here in this world by his fellow-men. Always it betrays his guilt to God.

What is that mark? I might tell you of the proofs of his crime a criminal often leaves behind him, — of the footprints, the marks of bloody hands, the dropped article of which he is the known owner, the false entries in account-books, the letters from his associates in sin; of many things which lead to the discovery of the author of a wicked deed. But there is another mark besides all these, — a secret mark. God sees it at the instant the deed is done men often find out that it has been made, from the troubled looks, the changing countenance, the downcast eye, the anxious, nervous manner, the talking of the guilty one in sleep, the strange eagerness to prevent others from suspecting wrong, the flight of the culprit to escape detection, and sometimes by his crowning other sins with the awful crime of self-murder. The secret mark is *on the heart*; deep, dark, terrible. Conscience, the faithful monitor, knows it and ceaselessly upbraids the sinner. What wonder that men often discover, from the proofs of which I have told you, that the mark has been made, though they never see it?

And this secret mark upon the heart is one which every one makes when he commits sin. Dear young friends, don't think your sins are not of much consequence because they seem to you *little*. There are no *little* sins with God. When you do what you know to be wicked in the sight of God, you show just that spirit, which, if it lives and grows unchanged, may lead you to the commission of the worst crimes of which you ever heard.

Have you any of these dark, sad marks upon your hearts? Nothing but the precious blood of the Crucified One can wash them out. He will cleanse the heart of that child who asks him to do it.

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

"I AM READY TO GO."

It was bed-time for little Arthur, and in his white night-dress, with folded hands, he knelt by his aunt to pray. He asked God to take care of his absent father and mother; of Freddie, his older brother; and of the baby; then offered that prayer so sweet for the children: —

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

So earnest were his petitions, and so full of confi-

dence was he that he should be answered, that his prayer formed a strong contrast to many from older lips. After kissing his aunty good-night, he looked up once more, and said, "Now, if my Father in heaven wants me to go home to him to-night, I am ready to go." Sweet words of childlike trust in God! Are they not a lesson to us, so "slow of heart to believe"? Vividly do they call to mind these words of Jesus: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

At another time Arthur said to his mother, "If I should go to heaven, you would not feel badly, would you, mother? I should come and see you every day, though I should be a spirit, and you could not see me. Perhaps God would think best for baby and I to go together then we should both come and see you every day."

Arthur was only four years old; but the good seed which had been sown was springing up abundantly. Such fair-haired little teachers there are among us. Unconsciously to themselves, their tiny feet would lead us upwards. Parents, while you daily give instruction, have always an open heart, and you will daily receive. Like Mary of old, you will find many sayings to keep and "ponder in your hearts."

S. W. P.



For the Child at Home.

GRANDMA'S FIRE-PICTURES.

"What do you see in the fire, Lily? You've been watching it a long while."

"Oh, grandma, lots of things! I saw a beautiful baby-house with doors and windows; and by-and-by one end of it fell down, and there was the inside all filled with gold dishes and chairs and tables; and then I saw a boy on a horse, and a dog and a hen, and I can't tell how many things besides. But you've been very still, too, grandma. Haven't you been seeing pictures in the fire?"

"Yes, dear; I have been thinking and looking; and I suppose my thoughts have had a great deal to do with the pictures I have seen. Beneath that large coal at the end of the grate I saw the old kitchen where I spent so many happy days when I was a child like you. My father and mother, my brothers George and John, and my sisters Jane and Ruth and Mary, were there; all were gathered about the great, wide, open fire-place, where the long sticks of wood burned brightly; and father was reading the Bible for our evening worship."

"We were all very happy. Then a piece of the coal fell off, and I saw the chamber where I knelt by my dear mother while she taught me to pray. Then I made a great many pictures from the crumbling

coals. There were sad times and happy times, — weddings and funerals and thanksgiving-days and meetings and partings, — till at last I seemed to awake as if from a dream, and here I was with my little Lily

"And before I spoke to you, dear, I had been thinking, if I could go back again to my childhood, knowing all that I have since learned, I would in many things act very differently from what I then did. I do not think I was more thoughtless than most little folks; but there's many an unkind word, Lily dear, that I never would speak again to father or mother, or brothers or sisters; there's many an act of disobedience or selfishness which it grieves me now to remember. I believe the merciful Saviour, to whom I have confessed my sin, has forgiven me; but, ah, darling! the pictures I have seen in the fire make me feel that, could I be young again, I would be more kind and loving far than I was to some over whose heads the grass and flowers have grown for many a year!"

And grandma gently stroked little Lily's head, and smiled kindly on her through tearful eyes.

If you should live to be old and gray-haired, what kind of pictures would you see in the fire? I can tell if you will tell me how you are treating the dear ones at home.

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

BILLY'S CHICKEN.

BY JENNY BRADFORD.

Don't you remember what an army of turkeys we sent down to re-enforce the army of the Potomac last Thanksgiving? One of our captains told me a little thing you may like to hear, too, about what they did in his mess. You know, I suppose, that the "mess" is the company of officers or men that eat, not at the same table exactly, — but off the same log, or whatever it is. He said, when they opened their box of goodies, one of the lieutenants pulled out a chicken with a little note tied to its legs. You may be sure he thought himself a lucky fellow; the soldiers are always so glad to get a word of good-will along with their presents. The note merely said, "This is Billy's only chicken; and he wants the soldier that gets it to write, and let him know if it tastes good;" and gave the address.

So, after the officers had had a grand Thanksgiving dinner of turkey and hard-tack, with thoughts of home for sauce, and songs and stories for the dessert, the lieutenant drew up to the chicken-box for a desk, and wrote Billy a nice long letter. Perhaps you have had a soldier's letter yourself, so that you know how interesting they are. Well, in a few days, back came an answer. Billy was very glad the lieutenant enjoyed his chicken so much, and hoped he would always eat chicken and hard-tack when he could get them, and that, when he couldn't get the chicken, he would just eat hard-tack, and let alone whisky anyhow.

"Now that was a stampede on the lieutenant," said the captain; "for he had soaked pretty hard. He really didn't know what to do. 'I don't suppose 'twould pay to lie to that little feller,' says he; 'and as to giving up the whisky, I can't go that. I like to get his little letters, though; and besides, who knows but what he has a sister?' Finally he made a compromise of it by writing the boy he would promise to drink no more whisky before Christmas."

You know it is not very long from Thanksgiving to Christmas; but Billy wrote back that his sister Mary said, if he let it alone till Christmas, perhaps he would conclude to go without it all the time. "And sure enough," said the captain, "the little boy and his sister between them have kept the man off from whisky from that day to this;" it was in midsummer he was telling me. "It has been hard enough for him sometimes; but he hasn't taken a drop."

A boy that has persuaded a man out of drinking whisky has done something worth living for.

For the Child at Home.

WILLIE'S COURAGE.

"Well, I would not have gone and hid after it, anyhow, would you, Neddie?" said Willie, as they lay talking over the Sunday-school lesson after they went to bed. The lesson was the sin of Adam and Eve, and the hiding in the garden.

"I don't know," said Eddie, who was a little younger, but the more thoughtful of the two. "I suppose they were ashamed because they had sinned, and did not know what to do."

"Well, I wouldn't: I would at least have come out and owned it."

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, the first question from each of the boys was, "Now may I go out, mother?" Mrs. Clark told them it was rather too cold and damp then; but, if they would play with their cards and dominoes an hour, they might go out as much as they liked; only they must not go into Mr. Dean's store.

She went to her room, and sat down by her window to read. She had been there but a few moments when she saw Willie come slowly down the walk, and stand, with his hands in his pockets, leaning over the gate. Presently he opened the gate, and stepped out; then, after standing a few moments, he crossed the street with three bounds, and slipped stealthily into Mr. Dean's store. Mrs. Clark watched all this with a tearful eye, and wondered how Willie could skip with so light a step, with such a sin on his heart.

She closed her book, put on her bonnet and shawl, and picked her way across the muddy street, using Willie's little footprints for her own steps. Just as she lifted the latch, she caught a glimpse of a little figure disappearing behind some bags of meal piled high in the centre of the store. She opened the door; but no Willie was to be seen: she called; but no Willie appeared. On a chair just opposite the door lay a coat and scarf which Mrs. Clark knew well.

The loving eyes which now looked in vain for Willie had followed the needle through every stitch in that little coat; and the loving hands which now held the door open had often tied that scarf round Willie Clark's neck.

Mrs. Clark asked the store-boy, who was lounging on the counter, where Willie was.

Stepping behind the bags, he led Willie out, blushing and confused. He was ashamed of himself, and afraid even to look into the dear face of his mother. He felt as if he would give all the world if he could hide somewhere, no matter where, from that face. Mrs. Clark led him quietly home, and bade him spend the morning alone in his chamber. Ah! Willie, it was only last night that you were saying, if you were Adam and Eve, you would not have hidden; but you forgot that we can not be bold and courageous, and be children of Satan too.

It is Satan's delight to make us ashamed of ourselves, and afraid to look up into the faces of our dear mother and dear heavenly Father. Aneka.

For the Child at Home.

THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS IS HARD.

"Mr. L— told our class to-day that he wanted each of us to have something to say next Sabbath that would prove these words from Proverbs to be true: 'The way of transgressors is hard.' Can't you help me, father?"

"Perhaps so, Dick. You ought to learn that lesson, and learn it well. We'll see. The week is before us."

Dick was apt to forget his duty. His father, as well as some other friends, knew that he needed to find this out. Perhaps many of you are like him in

this respect and there are various ways in which the lesson of that verse in Proverbs may be learned, some of them far harder even than Dick's was.

"There's a bumble-bees' nest down at the end of the field," said Dick's father, Monday morning. "They won't harm any one if they're let alone. But don't you meddle with them, Dick: remember now; I charge you to keep away from them."

When Wednesday afternoon came, Dick and his playmate Will met to pass the half-holiday together. Then Dick thought of the bumble-bees' nest; and, choosing not to heed his father's charge, he proposed to Will to go and break up the nest, and have some fun.



"Good! let's do it. But here comes Charley! He'll go in for it with us."

"No, he won't. He's always afraid of a scrape. The first thing he'll think of will be getting stung."

"Let's see now. Charley! hurry up, and go with us."

"What is it?"

"Why, you see, Dick says there's a bumble-bees' nest down in the field, and we're going to break 'em up. Come!"

"Oh, that's it! Well, I guess you and Dick better go without me. I've seen bumble-bees before; and besides, I'm on my way to the store for father;" and Charley hurried off.

"I told you so, Will; but let's go ahead, and see if we an't smart enough to have something worth telling of about this business."

They reached the spot, and reconnoitered. Two or three lively fellows were making their way into a crevice among the stones, and were soon out of sight, while as many more left it as the boys came up.

"Now, Will, I'll take a stick, and give them a good smart punch; and you stand by with this shingle to knock them down as they come out."

Dick thrust in the stick, and turned over two or three stones. There was a furious huzzing, and then the indignant inmates made a rush upon the boys. They used their weapons, the stick and the shingle, with some success at first; but directly one of the bees managed to get his sting into Dick's ear, when, with a cry of pain, he started on a run. Will started in another direction, and was fortunate enough to escape the notice of all the bees but one, and that one he beat down with his shingle; but a crowd of the now thoroughly aroused swarm beset

Dick as he ran, darting upon him here and there till he had received stings enough to teach him that a father's command could not be disobeyed, nor a bumble-bees' nest stirred up, with impunity. At length his cries brought help, and the besieging army withdrew to repair the damages to their nest.

When Dick's father came home that night, his son was a pitiful object to look upon. "How's this, Dick?" asked his father.

"It's the bumble-bees," sobbed the suffering boy.

"Well, Dick, I'm sorry. You've been punished enough, my son: when you meet your teacher next Sabbath, you will need no better story to tell than that of your own experience to-day to prove the truth of the words he gave you from the Bible."

If there were room here for more, young readers, Dick's experience would be a good subject. There's many a sin, which, if "meddled with," is sure to bring upon our heads a swarm of troubles far more to be dreaded than the bees. There is many a sorrow laid up for the transgressor, both in this world and the next, far more painful and harder to bear than the sting. "The way of transgressors is hard." Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

GOING TO GRANDMA'S.

A little maid with soft brown hair,
And hazel eyes, I often see
Tripping along, a picture fair,
Singing the while a merry glee,
Going to grandma's.

No cloud o'ershades that open brow,
No cares disturb that soul's sweet trust,
As on she speeds, now quick, now slow,
Like a sweet bird to sheltered nest,
Going to grandma's.

Full well she knows the greeting fond
That waits the darling's coming there;
The goodies, cooked with skill not found
In modern days of dainties rare,
For her at grandma's.

She loves each tree on the dear old place,
The chickens, cow, and old black cat;
But most she loves with care to trace
Where her own mother played or sat,
Living at grandma's.

Ah, happy child! as years pass on,
Thy mother's home will fade from sight;
Grandparents, parents, all be gone,
And gone these joys of childhood bright,
With all that's grandma's.

But in that fairer home above,
Where pain nor parting ever come,
With grandpa, parents, all you love,
May you be gathered near Christ's throne,
Ever with grandma! L.

For the Child at Home.

LITTLE JULIA.

In a tenement house on one of the crowded streets of New-York City, there lives a dear little girl three years old. She has blue eyes and light hair, and is plump and cunning. Her father is dead; and her mother is obliged to earn a living for herself and the child by going out to wash for different families day by day, and is forced to leave little Julia at home without care. So she runs about and plays with other children, good or bad, and is learning a great deal of naughtiness. Only think! This baby has already learned to swear! Her mother told me, that, before she was out of bed the other day, she took God's name in vain! The little lips that should reverently lisp "Our Father who art in heaven" so early parted for the utterance of profane words! It nearly breaks her poor mother's heart; and yet she has to leave her to these evil influences that always surround the destitute. One day, a large boy gave



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TRYING ON THE CROWN.

It is King Henry the Fourth and his son Prince Henry. This is the story: The king was on his death-bed. He had been left alone with his son; and as he lay for some time motionless, and apparently breathless, the young prince, thinking his father was dead, took up the crown, placed it on his head, and left the room with it.

The king, who had been sleeping, awoke soon after, and, missing his crown, called his attendants, from whom he learned who had taken it. He summoned Prince Henry into his presence, and with very bitter words upbraided him, both on account of the grief and shame which his previous life had occasioned, and because that now, as the king thought, he had shown how little filial love was in his heart by his eagerness to get possession of his dying father's crown.

The young prince, kneeling before the king, declared, with tears, that nothing was further from his heart than the desire to take his father's place upon the throne; that he had supposed his father to be dead, and had placed the crown upon his own head, resolving, that, from that hour, he would live a better life than he had lived thus far, and would honor the memory of his beloved father. The king forgave him, and was reconciled; and it is said that Prince Henry proved the sincerity of his words of penitence by turning from his ways of folly and sin.

I have been thinking of another story, — about an English nobleman, the Duke of Hamilton. He died young, near the close of the last century. He loved the Bible; he loved Jesus; and so, when death came, he was ready. He called his brother Douglas to his bedside, and, having spoken to him with the greatest affection and solemnity of manner, he closed with these words: —

"And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a duke, and *I shall be a king.*"

Do you see what he meant? His brother, at his death, would receive the title of duke; but this young follower of Jesus, though he must leave his dukedom on earth, believed that he should receive a "crown of glory" in heaven, and become a king there, according to the promise of Him whose word never fails.

For have you not read that glorious ascription of praise to Jesus Christ which we find in the Revelation of St. John? — "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, *and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, — to Him be glory and dominion for ever.*"

None of us may wear a kingly crown on earth; but for the humble, loving follower of the Saviour, there is a crown laid up more glorious than any earthly diadem, however brightly it may glitter with gems and gold. Another year is closing: are you a year nearer the heavenly home than you were one year ago? Are you one of those meek, faithful, loving ones? If you are, though here you may have trials and crosses, — for our best Friend has told us to expect them, and to take them patiently, — there, in the home above, the crown awaits you; and when you reach that home, and the crown is placed upon your head, you will find it one of your greatest joys to cast that crown in adoration at the feet of our dear Redeemer.

For the Child at Home.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

Do you remember, children, that beautiful verse in the Psalms, "Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me"? I suppose you understand something of the first part. You know how God shows his loving-kindness to you in the daytime in giving you a happy home, and kind friends, and so many pleasant things. But perhaps you do not see so easily how "in the night his song can be with you, or, as it is expressed in a verse in Job, how he "giveth songs in the night."

You go to bed at night, and fall fast asleep, so that you know nothing more till the morning light wakes you to another happy day. And so, perhaps, you will say, "How can I think of God's goodness in the night, and feel glad, and praise him for it?"

I think David meant, that, in the night of trouble and sorrow, God would make him so happy, that he would sing praises to him even then. But often pain or sorrow keeps us awake in the night, when it would be very lonely and sad without God's presence: if we love him, he will make us glad even then, and fill our hearts with joy and praise. Long ago, I knew a little girl who could have told you from her own experience how true this verse is. God had given her a beautiful home, and kind parents, and every thing to make her happy, so that she felt his loving-

kindness over her all the day. He had taught her to love him, so that she was a very happy child. But she was not strong and well like you; and sometimes she woke up in the night with pain, which would keep her awake for a long time. She was alone in the dark night; but thoughts of God's presence and love made her very happy; and many sweet hymns, which she had learned, came to her mind, so that she had "songs in the night." She used to think of her darling brother who was in heaven, and wonder if he ever came to her little room to watch over her in the quiet night; and she liked to think how happy she should be when God took her to meet him again.

God did not take her to heaven then, as she sometimes hoped he would; but she lived to know that God can give joy in darker nights of pain and sorrow than she ever thought of then.

Only love God and trust him, and he "will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with you." Then, in thinking of the future, you can say,—

"There may be pain and grief and care;
But, O my Father! thou art there."

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."

H. P. A.



For the Child at Home.

OUT IN THE STORM.

Dashes of rain 'gainst the window pane;
Sighing, wailing, and darkness without;
Flurries of sleet in the dismal street:
Oh, what a night to wander about!

See yon frail form alone in the storm! —
Poor little orphan, homeless and cold;
Father, mother, and darling brother,
Silently lie under earth's brown mould.

No voice to bless in her loneliness,
No roof to shelter her aching head;
A homeless child in the storm so wild:
Better to lie with the cherished dead.

A ruder blast, and the sleet falls fast;
Louder and higher the tempest raves:
Children at rest in the dear home nest
Slumber, nor dream of life's troubled waves.

Poor little Kate by the rich man's gate
Patiently crouched in her helpless woe:
"God will relieve; he will not deceive,
I know; for dear mother told me so."

Blest be thy trust! Truly God is just;
He will not forsake thee, little Kate:
E'en now kind friends he lovingly sends;
No longer shalt thou in sorrow wait.

In from the storm they bear the chilled form:
"Sweet child, she shall fill our lost one's place,"
Ah, happy Kate! through the rich man's gate
She passed to a tender, fond embrace.

Sheltered from harm by a mighty arm,
The golden gate may she enter in!
Life's storms o'erpast, may she find at last
The rest which the pure in heart shall win!

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

"I'LL KEEP MY EYES SHUT."

Little Henry has been quite sick. When he was slowly recovering, and just able to be up and about the room, he was left alone a short time; when his

sister came in, eating a piece of cake. Henry's mother had told him he must eat nothing but what she gave him, and that it would not be safe for him to have what the other children did till he was stronger.

His appetite was coming back; the cake looked inviting; he wanted very much to take a bite of it; and his kind sister would gladly have given it to him. What did he do?

"Jennie," said he, "you must run right out of the room away from me with that cake; and *I'll keep my eyes shut* while you go, so that I sha'n't want it."

Wasn't that a good way for a little boy of seven years to get out of temptation? I think so. And when I heard of it, I thought that there are a great many times when children, and grown people too, if they would remember little Henry's way, would escape from sin and trouble.

"Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and quicken thou me in Thy way," was the Psalmist's prayer; and it is a good one for each of us.

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

THE HIDDEN SIN.

BY UNA LOOKE.

When my Aunt Fidelia was a little girl, she used to go and play with her friend Olive, who had a great many treasures arranged in the garret; such as broken pieces of crockery, very beautiful in color and variety; shreds and scraps of bright-colored chintz and silk; dolls made of cobs covered with coarse cloth, and having tow sewed on their heads for hair. The little girls were just as happy as you are with your mahogany baby-house and tiny china tea-sets, your wax dolls with their elegant dresses, and your curious paper ladies and children. Happiness does not depend on what we have around us, but on our dispositions and the temper of our minds, as you will learn some day.

Fidelia was not quite happy, and the reason was this. She coveted two charming scraps of chintz (as they used to call calico in those days) which were among Olive's possessions. They tempted her as the Babylonish garment did Achan thousands of years before.

"How I wish I had those pieces!" she said to herself. "Olive has so many more, what difference would it make with her if I had these? She would not miss them, and I want them so! I would be perfectly happy to have these pieces. But, if I asked Olive, she would begin to think they were quite valuable, while now she hardly notices them."

While she thought thus, Olive proposed suddenly to go down stairs, and bring up some nut-cakes and cheese. "I sha'n't be gone but a minute," she said.

But that minute was long enough to make little Fidelia a thief. She did not pause to think of any thing except how nice an opportunity it was to take the bits of chintz. So she hid them in her bosom with great satisfaction, and Olive on her return did not miss them. But, after a little, Fidelia began to feel uneasy. The pieces did not seem half so beautiful or desirable as they had done just before. But she carried them home with her, and now her troubles began. She did not dare decorate her dolls with them, lest there should be inquiry made about them.

There seemed to be no place in the house secret enough for them. If she carried them in her bosom, they were too near her conscience. Of what use were they to her? None. She wished so much they were back again in Olive's garret! but she did not dare to carry them back. It was a pity she had not read in the Bible, just then, this verse: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." I think, little reader, you had better commit these words to memory.

Fidelia, growing desperate, ran out to the pig-pen, and, drawing forth the handsome scraps, threw them in. But the swine paid no attention to them. There they lay in plain view. So she was obliged to clamber over and recover them. Then she went out to the orchard, south of the house, and buried them under an apple-tree. But the burden remained on her mind.

After she became a woman, and hoped all her sins were forgiven through Christ, she still remembered this sin of her childhood, and was sorry for it. She passed away from earth some years ago, an old, gray-haired woman; and, on one of the last summers of her life, she told me this little story.

It is always so with all sin, great and little. It looks pleasant to us before it is committed, but afterwards it is a stinging serpent.



For the Child at Home.

HATTIE.

She is one of my little nieces, about four years old; and she says so many pretty things, that I think perhaps you would like to hear about her. She's just like a little dumpling, so plump and white; and her brown eyes seem dancing with fun. She is a kind and gentle little girl; and whenever mother says, "Hattie, run and bring me this or that," she does not stop to finish what she is doing, or linger until her mother is obliged to speak again, but trots off as fast as her little legs will carry her, so happy is she to obey her dear, kind mother.

One very cold day in winter, I took her to walk. Poor little thing! she was almost frozen, and complained of her fingers and feet aching. Presently we met another little girl, with no shoes on, and only a ragged shawl to protect her from the biting frost and wind. She asked for a few cents; but, as I had no change in my purse, I could give her nothing. Hattie's brown eyes filled with tears as she looked first at the child, then at me, and then down at her own warm dress and comfortable cloak; but I said, "Come, dear; don't stand in the cold. Perhaps we may meet the little girl again when we are out, and then we will give her something."

I turned away, and walked on for a few rods; then turned back again to take my darling's hand. There sat the little creature upon the cold sidewalk, with one shoe off, and the other untied. "Hattie, come," said I. "What are you doing?"

"Oh, auntie," returned she, "*dis poor little dirl so cold! I dot plenty more soos.*"

Dear little children, would that we were all as wholly generous as my Hattie! She was almost crying with the pain in her own feet before we met the poor little child, but forgot her trouble when she saw the outcast and miserable, and gladly took off her shoes to give to one who was suffering more than herself.

I do not say that I want you to be generous in just this way, by taking off your clothing to give to beggars in the streets. Little Hattie did as her baby judgment dictated, and the act showed a kind and gentle heart; and I want you to be like her in your tenderness and pity for the poor and sorrowing.

F. B. S.

For the Child at Home.

WHAT THE ANGEL BROUGHT.

I do not believe you could guess if you should try. It is something so very precious, of more value than all the gems and gold that are in the world; because this thing that the angel brought me will never perish, though the world itself shall be destroyed, and all the works that are therein.

Are you getting impatient to know?

It is the dearest, tiniest little creature you ever saw; unless perhaps there is a little baby in your own house just as sweet and cunning, which you call "brother" or "sister."

Such wee bits of hands, that make giants of mine in comparison! and such a dot of a body to hold an immortal soul!

It lies helplessly upon my lap, and looks up at me with its earnest eyes, as if it were wondering what strange being hung over it. And as for me, I am in still greater amazement as I look down upon the marvelous gift that God has sent to the household. I can not fathom the mystery of that little spirit that is to stay for a while here upon the earth, and by and by go hence to dwell with God for ever and ever, *if it will*. And I can not think it would choose the other alternative, to be with Satan. One thing I know, and it is a happy thought: Satan can not touch the little babies; he was never a little infant himself. Jesus is always with them. He was born a little baby, of a human mother; and he is especially near the innocent ones who have just entered this mortal life.

I must ask him to keep beside the precious little daughter that he has sent us, so long as she shall live here below; and to make her his own dear child, even from the beginning; so that, when he shall send his angel again to take back the gift that he has only lent us for a season, he may find it unsullied by contact with an evil and ungodly world.

S.

For the Child at Home.

LILLY'S WISH.

"Oh, mamma, I wish heaven was so near that a beautiful angel could come flying in at this window!" and Lilly's eyes looked wondrously bright as she put into words the thought that had been exercising her little brain while she sat so quietly by her mother that June morning. A charming morning it was. The mingled perfume of flowers came floating in at the open window on every breeze, while, without, a landscape of beauty was spread all around as far as the eye could reach; and yet Lily's thoughts were turned from all this to the far more beautiful heaven, and the bright inhabitants of that better land. Why such ideas should enter her mind I can not tell; and she could not, I am sure, for she was a little bit of a girl, not four years old; but I think it more than probable that there was a good angel even then in the room putting these sweet thoughts into her mind, though she could not see him. The Bible gives us reason to believe that angels do minister to Christ's followers here on earth; and certainly we may suppose that the dear little ones share largely in their kind and loving services. Not long before this, Lily had been very sick, and her friends all thought she was going to leave them to join the glorious company of children "around the throne of God in heaven;" and many beautiful words she spoke during that terrible illness, that I love to remember, though I am not her mamma, and was then a great many miles away from her.

Some think if children talk much about heaven, especially when they are sick, that it is a kind of warning that they are soon to die. But I do not

think so. I love to know that little children's thoughts often turn toward that world where the dear Saviour has gone to make ready a far more lovely home for them than any earthly one can possibly be made. I love to think that He who when on earth took just such little ones in his arms and blessed them still remembers and loves them; and if they often think of him, and of all he has done for them, it makes me hope they will try to be like him; and if he has work for them to do on earth, he will not call them away until it is finished.

How beautiful was that inquiry a little boy made of his dear minister when he was sick, and seemed about to die!—"Is God acquainted with Willie?"

I heard the good minister himself relate it in a children's meeting; and I wish I could tell all about it as beautifully as he did, and how he told him that God was "acquainted" with him, knew his name, and where he lived, and how sick he was, and that he need not be afraid to go to him; that he would take care of him, and give him a home in heaven, where he would be safe and well and happy for ever. And so I will tell all my little readers, if they love Jesus, and are gentle and obedient, God, their best friend, will surround them ever with his gracious care. It may be that he will do this by sending bright angels to minister to them; and, when he is ready for them, he will take them to himself in heaven.

L.



For the Child at Home.

FUN THAT'S WORTH HAVING.

"Come, Tim, come out and go with me. There's fun for us. I'm going to get Maurice, and we three can do it."

"What's up so early? What are you going to do with that shovel?"

"Oh! you come on, and bring your shovel too. It was a big storm last night. The snow is piled up. You'll see the fun directly."

Tim good-naturedly joined Willie; and soon the company was made up to three by the addition of Maurice, who was always ready to go into any arrangement with a playmate who had provided many a good time for him.

"Now, what is it, Willie?" asked Maurice.

"Well, you see the Widow Marvin's cottage down in the lane was half buried by the snow last night. Poor old soul! Since Dick was killed in the war, I've thought a good deal about her. She's got no son now, you know, boys, to love her; and I thought you'd all like to go down with me, and shovel her out, as they say,—give her some paths; for she can't get out of doors at all as it is now."

"Good!" cried Tim. "That's fun worth having. Come on, all hands!"

They were soon in the lane in front of the cottage and at it. The widow heard the sound of merry

voices, and, coming to the window, looked out over the huge snow-bank that almost shut off her view of the lane, and caught sight of the bright faces of her kind young helpers, who nodded toward her, as if to say, "Never fear, good woman; warm hearts and willing hands are at work for you;" which she answered with a grateful smile. It was not long before they had cut a nice path through the deep bank quite to her door, and then from that out to the wood-shed. She came to the door as they finished the work. "Come in, boys, and let me thank you for your kindness to a poor old woman."

"Here we are," laughed Willie, as the boys stepped inside the door a moment, each with a hearty "Good morning!" "And now we'll be off again; for its most school-time."

"My dear boys," the widow said, "I thank you for the work you have so kindly done. It may seem a little thing to you that you have left your play to come and care for me, to do what poor Dick would have done if he had been here; but it is of such little things that the blessed Lord will say at last, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' May your young hearts be filled with the love of Him who remembers those that for his sake remember his poor!"

"Good-by, Mrs. Marvin; we've enjoyed it first rate, haven't we, boys?" and with a shout the boys were off.

"I'm glad you thought of that job Willie," said Maurice.

"And I too," said Tim. "It's a kind of fun that makes me feel like—well, like doing just so again."

The war which is ended has made widows and childless ones in almost every village. Boys, is there no such "fun" as this which you can have, causing the heart of the widow and the childless "to sing for joy"? Will you not try to find something like it to do this winter, and do it for the sake of Him, "who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor"?

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

GIFTS.

BY FRANCIS LEE.

Emily had been reading about a lady who sang so sweetly to a homesick soldier who had lost an arm, that he almost forgot his pain and his loneliness; and, pounding on the floor with his one hand, he said, "I can't cheer, but I must pound." Then she remembered a story she once heard of another lady who won over a godless old man and woman, first to church, and then to Christ, by the beautiful hymns she sung in their hearing.

"Now," thought Emily, "if I could only sing and do something pleasant like that, how I would delight in making such charming music, that people should forget all their cares and troubles when they heard me, and only think of sunshine and flowers and heaven and such beautiful things! It is a great trial. I have not the gift; and I do wonder why I couldn't have been created with as fine a voice as Ethel Barnard's. She doesn't appreciate or do half the good with it I would."

Emily sat at the dinner-table while she thought over these discontented thoughts; and she was not so busy with her thinking but that she noticed how good the soup was, and how refreshing her saucer of currants, the first of the season, tasted.

But in the midst there came a wailing cry from the bedroom, faint and broken at first, but growing gradually louder and more imperative.

Her mother looked at Emily: she did not start, but only ate the faster, till she was obliged to speak.

